



# Squares, swirls and stripes



Three-piece ensemble at top left and jumpsuits, top right, are designed by Shuky Levy for Sportifs. The jumpsuits, bottom left, is Orlane's idea for next summer. The man's shirt and trousers are part of Lahav's current collection.

THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, August 24, 1978



Handwritten text on the right edge of the page, possibly a page number or note.



## Those Moments of Success.

A chicken leg or bourekas? That's not the important thing at Dorit and Avi's wedding. But they will remember their wedding for years to come. Each time they open their photo album they'll be pleased that they had an Agfacolor film in their camera. If you want to make sure of successful photos, use AGFACOLOR



**Agfa**

for Successful

Photography



On the cover: Looking through a kaleidoscope constructed by children at a summer camp at the Ha'aretz Museum. (Leiser J. Millman).

### In this issue

Hirsh Goodman bears about the Sinai resettlement problem from the troubled residents of Ophira. 4

Aryeh Rubinstein puts some questions to Knesset Speaker Yitzhak Shamir. 6

Jonathan Raban continues his Arabian Gulf tour with visits to Abu Dhabi and Sana'a. 8

Harry Wall learns of a rich un-lapped water source in the central Negev. 11

Catherine Rosenheimer describes two contrasting projects for keeping the young occupied during the summer holidays. 12

Evelyn Strouse finds the American literary critic Robert Alter very modest about his own work. 14

Joan Borsten goes to Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot to meet artist Moshe Kupferman. 16

The Art Page. Meir Benveniste recommends two manuals on art techniques. 17

The Book Section. Reviews include a murderer's Who's Who; memoirs by three men who grew up in the Thirties; two books about Hollywood; studies of military methods; a German account of the Jews of the Tyrol; a novel about childhood in Petah Tikva; and a batch of thrillers. 18

The Dry Bones weekend cartoon. 23

In the Poster Pullout:  
 Jazz by Madeline L. Kind  
 Matters of Taste by Haim Shapiro. E  
 Film reviews by Ruth Ariella Brody and David George. F  
 TV and Radio schedules. H  
 Media Week by Daphne Haas. J  
 George Levinson's Bridge column. K  
 Music and Musicians by Yohanan Boehm. L  
 Ephraim Kishon makes a long-distance phone call. M  
 Elhanan Shenhar's Chess column. N

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1979

## CRUISES

### Luxury Cruises in the Mediterranean

#### From Haifa

14 entertainment filled nights fit for royalty.

Beautiful cabins, swimming pool, sun decks, casino, entertainers, movie auditorium, mini-golf and tennis courts.

Five meals a day including wine on the house!

KOSHER meals possible.

To Kusadasi, Istanbul, Piraeus, Capri, Genoa, Naples, Alexandria and Port Said.

Sailings:  
 31.8.79 still available  
 14.9.79 Rosh Hashana cruise  
 28.9.79 Succot cruise  
 12.10.79 Season-end cruise, only \$1120  
 26.10.79 Cruise to Genoa, only \$560

Choose the best. Sail on Malchi's luxury liners.

Details and bookings at all travel agents.

Malchi's Shipping  
 More ships — more ports — more enjoyment  
 76 Dizengoff St., Tel Aviv, Tel. 288414

It pays to make the extra trip to GLIMA!

Selection of hand-printed and other original women's clothing. Direct from the factory. Reasonable prices. Friendly service.  
 180 Rehov Yafe, (near Shaare Zedek Hospital) Jerusalem

Book your hotel with



• Tel Aviv, 111 Alenby st., Tel. 612067  
 Dizengoff sq. 4, Ra'anana st., Tel. 248900  
 • Haifa, 5 Nordau st., Tel. 640402/4  
 • 129 Hanassi ave., Tel. 82277  
 • Jerusalem, 8 Shattai st., Tel. 234824  
 • Netanya, 4 Herzl st., Tel. 22847  
 • Beer Sheva, 31 Herzl st., Tel. 73906

## CANCER

How to Prevent (J.H. Tobe) and other Health Books. Ask for our catalogue. Send postcard to:  
 Natural Health Books  
 P.O.B. 31071  
 Tel Aviv

(18.A.O.)

## Jewish Ceremonial Art

Prints and Old Maps  
 Kaufman's Antiques  
 81 Rehov Ben Yehuda,  
 Tel Aviv, Tel. 234113

In Haifa, stay at the new  
**MAROM Hotel**

on Mount Carmel.  
 Tel. 04-256155.

## HAVE A FOOTHOLD IN ISRAEL the mandarin apartment hotel

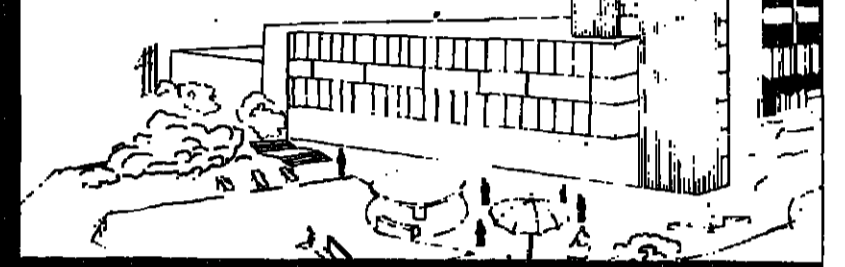


ON THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ON ISRAEL'S RIVIERA

For as little as \$84,000 (plus V.A.T.), including all furniture, appliances, T.V., kitchenware & air conditioning. PLUS all the facilities of a luxury hotel.  
 • Carefree ownership with all the amenities of one of Israel's finest resort hotels.  
 • A guaranteed income on your investment.

Choose your second home before prices rise.

Sales Agents: Anglo Saxon Real Estate Company  
 Ayalon Square  
 Tel Aviv  
 Tel. (03) 286181



## Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann  
 Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting Hours:  
 Sun., Mon., Thur. 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.  
 Tue., Wed. 8 p.m. — 10 p.m.  
 Fri. Closed  
 Sat. 10 a.m. — 2 p.m.

Tickets for Saturday can be purchased during the week at "Hadran" ticket office (80 Ibn Gvirol St., Tel Aviv) and at Beth Hatefutsoth. Children under 8 years old are not admitted. Organized tours must be pre-arranged (Tel. 03-425-161)

Temporary Exhibitions Gallery "Image Before My Eyes" a photographic display of Jewish life in Poland (1804-1939). Closing on Aug. 29, 1979.

In conjunction with the exhibition: A slide-show by the well-known photographer Roman Vishniak. "THE LIFE THAT DISAPPEARED" (Jewish Life in Poland 1930-1939) will be shown daily in the B'nai Zion Auditorium. Hours of presentation will be posted daily in the main lobby. The slide show's narrated in English.

A Special Exhibition "Jews in Egypt — Spring 79" — Photographs by Micha Bar-Am. Closing on Aug. 31, 1979

Beth Hatefutsoth is on the Tel Aviv University campus, (Gate 2) Klausner Street, Ramat Aviv. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 74, 79, 572.



## CASA DEL SOL

An exclusive restaurant

at Ginot, Kvish Geva, Tel. 03-944269

Special rustic atmosphere  
 ★ Lunches and dinners — prior reservation necessary  
 ★ Rich selection of French and Moroccan dishes  
 ★ Every Friday: dancing, and the well known singer, Uri Abramovich, with the Sunny Boys Group

Open every day except Sunday.

Notice to Swedish Citizens

## 1979 ÅRS VAL

Röstmottagning för 1979 års val äger i Israel rum på Svenska ambassaden i Tel Aviv, 198 Rehov Hayarkon, mellan den 23 augusti och 12 september, måndag-fredag kl. 10.00-12.30. Upplysningar lämnas på tel. 03-242105.

SVERIGES AMBASSAD  
 TEL AVIV

This notice concerns Swedish citizens who wish to vote by mail in the Swedish elections.

THE BEGINNING of the end has arrived at Ophira. It can be sensed in almost every quarter. Things that have broken down are not being repaired. No new gardens are being planted. All investment has ceased. An atmosphere of stagnation envelops the town, and the inhabitants, particularly the 120 non-military families who went down there over the past decade in search of a dream, are marking time.

Ironically, just last week the local authorities at Sharm e-Sheikh put the finishing touches to a 11.5 km. pier that will never be used. The last public investment to be made there, we understand. One more act of folly, the locals claim, in a series of questionable moves that have marked the development of Israel's most southerly frontier resort, due to be handed over to the Egyptians in less than three years' time — if nothing halts the process of the return of the Sinai in exchange for the hope of peace.

Only recently was Ophira's indoor, air-conditioned tennis court completed. At long last, after years of labour, the garden at the youth hostel on a hilltop overlooking the majestic bay and the huge military and naval installation across the water, has begun to take root.

Regardless of one's personal feelings about the peace treaty, it is saddening to look around at what has been built up, miles from anywhere, out of complete desolation. Even the most ardent supporters of the treaty shake their heads, maybe at the fatuity of investing so much there over these past 10 years, maybe at the thought of what the modern town with its white buildings and villas will look like a decade from now.

**BUT RIGHT NOW** it is the present that worries the people of Ophira themselves more than anything else. Their dream has been shattered, and the question they face collectively and individually is: Where do we go from here?

When you talk to them, you have an uneasy feeling that they are suspicious of anyone coming from the north. Their intense mistrust of the media is undisguised.

They have watched with growing consternation the changing attitude of the public towards the people of Yamit as the question of compensation has unfolded in the headlines. They have watched with prophetic fear the transformation of the moshav of Dizahav, several hundred kilometres up the very road Israel's leaders once swore would never be relinquished, into a ghost town.

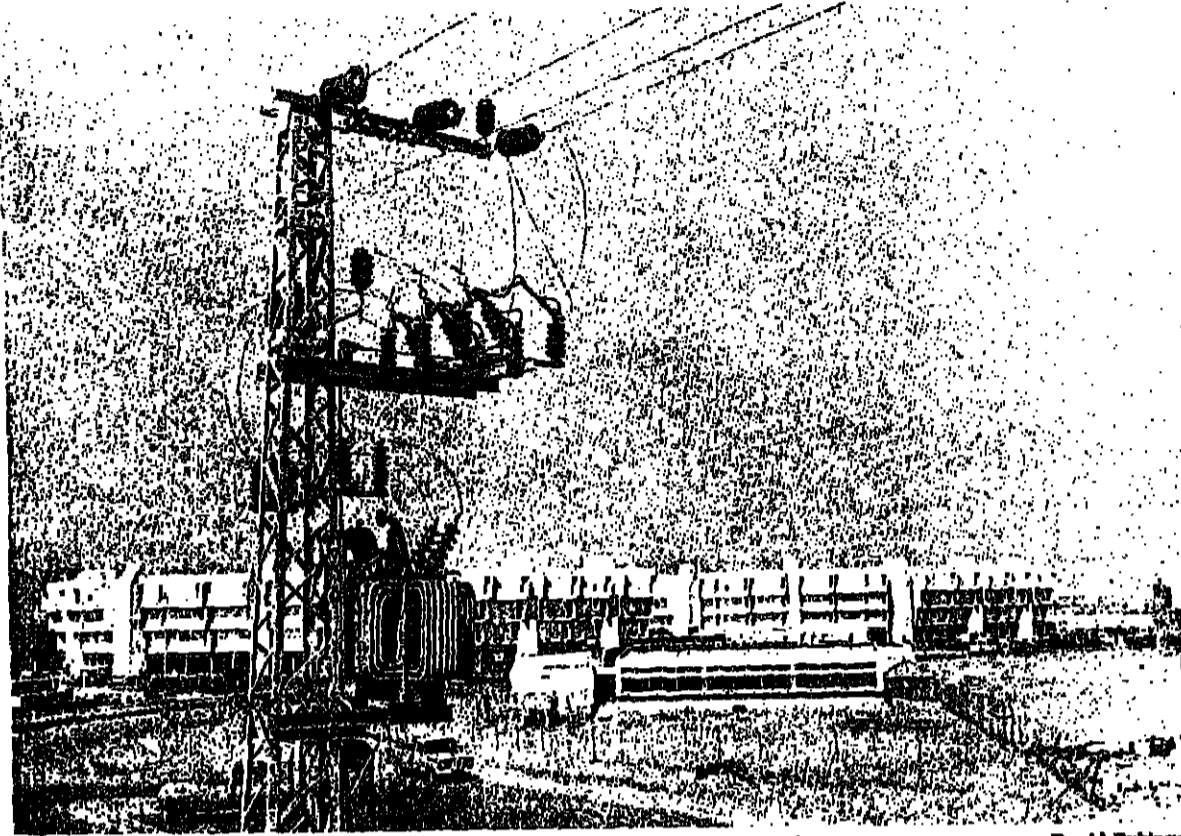
Many of its settlers have already accepted Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon's offer of apartments in the north and opted to leave the multi-million dollar investment in agriculture, resort facilities and a diving club to burn up in the sun.

The people of Ophira are afraid of being branded with the stigma attached to the settlers of Neot Sinai when TV viewers round the world watched Israeli soldiers dragging them from their vegetable fields on the outskirts of El-Arish.

**THERE ARE SEVERAL** basic differences between Ophira and Yamit, the primary one being that the civilians in Ophira do not own their homes. The local authorities forbade their purchases, hoping to persuade those who had the money to give up their cheap rental apartments and enter a build-your-own-home scheme. Hardly were the roads made, the elec-

# Instant ghost town

The Jerusalem Post's HIRSH GOODMAN talks to the settlers at Ophira, and finds a mixture of hope and frustration over their future.



David Rubinger

tricity lines laid and other infrastructure work completed than the project was frozen.

Thus the question of compensation becomes a very sticky one indeed. The government cannot compensate the families for homes they do not own. On the other hand, how on earth can those families be precipitated into the housing madness of the north and expected to raise the millions it will take to buy a home there in two years' time.

There are also individual problems that are going to have to be solved — problems that do not exist at Yamit or any of the agricultural settlements along the coast, or at Pithat Rafiah. Many of those who decided to make Ophira their home, who heeded the government's call and went there despite the heat and the isolation, the lack of good schooling and other facilities, went because for them the sea, the mountains and the desert represented a particular way of life.

How, for example, are the owners of the two diving clubs at Na'ama Bay going to be compensated? Paying them out for their equipment and the millions of pounds they have invested is one thing. But what about their future? What about the future of those who have developed nature projects there and who have taught thousands of Israelis to love the Sinai and the wonders hidden in its sand and stone?

**UNTIL VERY** recently, the residents were complaining that nothing had been done to offer them any viable alternatives. The locals said that ministers would come down to Ophira — Sharm e-Sheikh if you prefer — once, and then disappear to the north, never to be heard from again.

"All we wanted," says youth hostel director Yankel Bar-Levy, who was elected to head the committee representing the civilian families, "was for someone to talk to us. Offer us a guiding hand to make the transition easier."

His feelings were echoed by dozens of others, from the gas station attendant who had been pumping petrol day and night 12 months a year for 10 years so that his son can now study at medical school, to a former senior officer in the naval commando unit who has become a successful businessman.

They felt that the government and the public saw them as pioneers of yesterday, who had become today's national parasites. And they had a hard time understanding why.

It was only after the trouble at Neot Sinai — that things began to change. A couple of days after the smoke of that battle subsided, the government named Housing Minister David Levy to deal with the urban settlers' relocation problems, and Agriculture Minister Sharon to work with the Sinai moshavim. And Levy seems to have established some kind of rapport with the Ophira settlers' committee and with individual residents.

"I could hit myself for every David Levy joke I ever told," one shopkeeper confessed over a melting ice-cream. "At least he understands — and possibly even cares."

"Until Levy took over," says Bar-Levy, "we were fighting to get someone to really listen to our case. It was very frustrating, just banging our heads against a stone wall of ineffective bureaucracy and insensitivity."

"But we conducted our struggle in a gentlemanly fashion, according to the rules. We didn't throw rocks and we didn't burn tyres."

Now the atmosphere of the talks has become much more constructive, Bar-Levy admits. He attributes much of the change to the fact that, at a Jerusalem meeting with the settlers' committee this Monday, Levy talked about alternative housing for the Ophirans. "That was really the central issue with us all along," says Bar-Levy. "Until then, we'd been talking about compensation payments, since everyone we'd

spoken to had insisted that we would not be offered rental apartments. And the arguments over compensation had been pretty bitter.

"But the suggestion that we might be given rental apartments in Eilat, Ashkelon, Ashdod or Arad — with an option to buy — solves our basic problem. We aren't speculators, we don't want to get rich. But until the latest offer, we didn't think that we were being treated fairly."

**IN GENERAL**, people in Ophira decline to discuss the peace treaty, and whether the government did the correct thing in coming to terms with Egypt. That is not the issue, they point out, and the course of history cannot be altered. They just know that they and their families will soon have to give up their chosen way of life for one that is alien to them, and they cannot understand why the government is devoting so much energy and time to the question of autonomy, for example (engaging efforts of five key ministers), while their problems are persistently shunted aside. They think the government is very unwise not to send anyone to talk to them collectively or individually before another Neot Sinai fiasco erupts.

Typical of the lack of preparation and planning characterizing the entire withdrawal process is the fact that when A-Tur is handed back to the Egyptians in three months' time, Sharm e-Sheikh's entire water supply will go with it. Until a minor clerk at Mekorot — the national water company — pointed this out some weeks ago, no provision at all had been made for a continued or alternative supply and, as far as can be ascertained, nothing has yet been done about it.

"That's indicative of how much the government knows or cares about what's going on down here. It doesn't help to increase one's faith in its ability to solve our problems," said one veteran of the town who wears a uniform and

therefore asked not to be identified.

THE CIVILIAN committee under Bar-Levy has come up with several recommendations to the government which, its members claim, will help resolve matters as smoothly as possible. They have deliberately avoided the question of sums of money, and have urged instead that clear criteria for compensation and relocation be established. In the meantime, they want the government to start speaking to people individually, in order to learn about the specific problems that will face each family when the time comes to move and to allow adequate time to find suitable solutions.

Bar-Levy is hopeful that all this will be happening, in the changed atmosphere. But not all members of his committee are as optimistic.

"We'll wait and see what happens by the end of September, when the new deadline arrives," said one. "Unfortunately, I'm sure I'll be able to say 'I told you so' when nothing gets done, and some gilb minister explains that the government was sidetracked by Sadat's visit, the autonomy talks, Resolution 242 and the premier's health. In fact, the only thing we are certain of these days is that an excuse will be found."

**BUT, AS WE** said at the beginning, the decay has already set in. Many of the town's temporary residents, particularly in the field of construction, have been pulled out by their parent companies. With all investment and building in the area ended, the companies have moved their equipment north to more lucrative fields, making it difficult for those who have remained to get major maintenance work done. Mechanics representing firms in the north have also left, and today there is apparently not a single competent diesel mechanic in the area, making every minor repair of a truck and boat engine a major and expensive operation.

The settlers feel that the government should be doing something about this as well. Being uprooted is going to be bad enough, they complain, but being asked to spend their last two years in Sharm in a crumbling ruin is rubbing salt in the wound.

The diving operators at Sharm and other people who have invested money and a decade of their lives in making it a resort area, have asked the government time and again to enquire whether they might perhaps be able to maintain their businesses under Egyptian rule on terms customary between countries at peace. Their queries have gone unanswered — indeed, they claim, unheeded — by the ministers and officials they have petitioned.

Representatives of the National Reserves Authority have likewise asked the government in vain to investigate how they can cooperate with the Egyptians to protect the unique marine and desert treasures of the region.

The atmosphere may have been improved by the discussions with the Housing Minister, but the government would be ill-advised to let things stagnate just because they are still two years to go before Sharm has to be handed over to the Egyptians. The Ophirans have been given some high-sounding smooth talk and high-sounding promises are not going to keep them docile for very long. They soon be demanding viable ways to being solved. □

This is the ideal summer drink and you won't find it in a bottle. So go ahead pamper yourself! Make this summer treat with your own Wissotzky Tea to really cool you off!

60 SECONDS IS ALL IT TAKES TO MAKE TEA ON THE ROCKS.

Take a tall glass, put Wissotzky's 2 gram tea-bag (Tea On The Rocks should be strong). Pour some boiling water, add sugar and stir. Fill with ice cubes, ice water and a slice of lemon. Keep a pitcherful of tea on the rocks in your fridge, always ready to treat yourself and your guests.

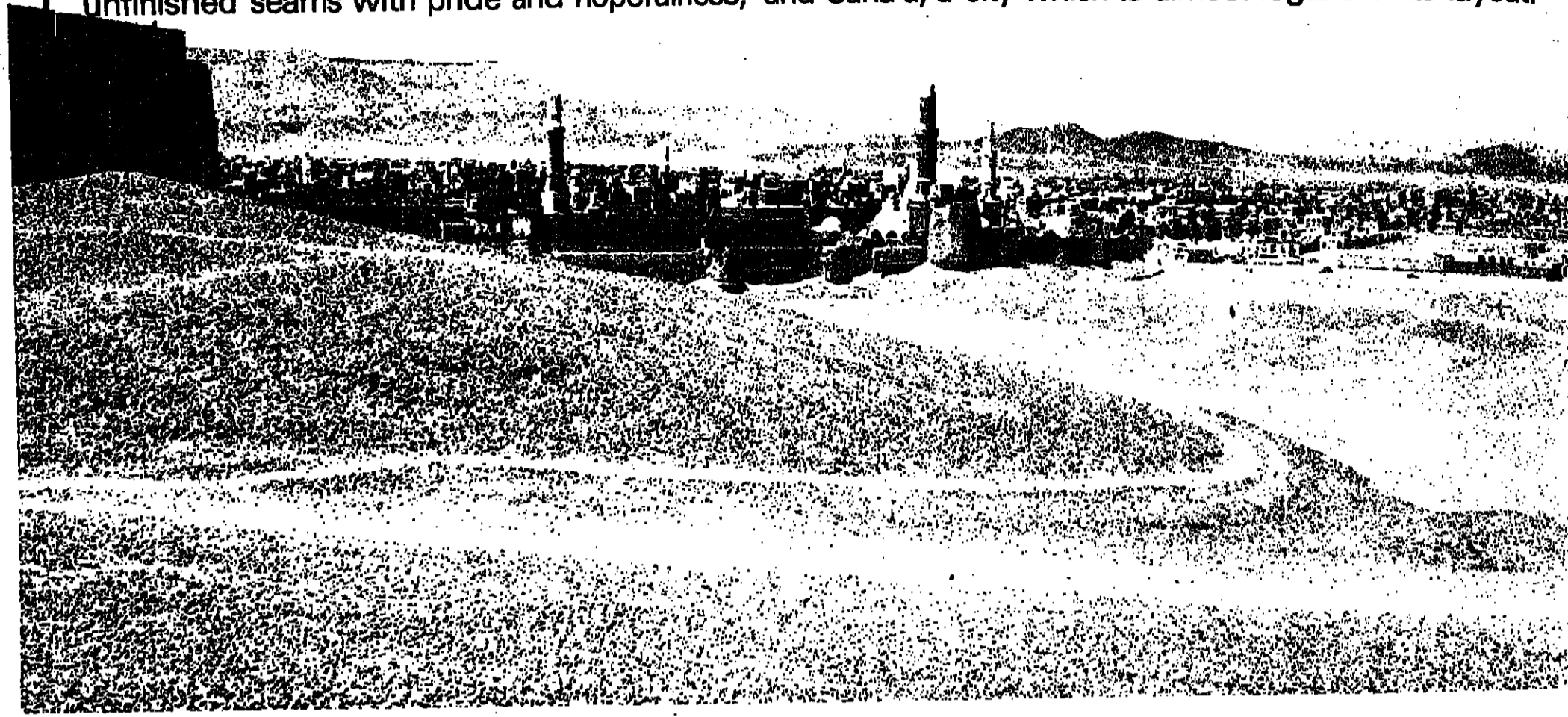
תה על הקרח.  
TEA ON THE ROCKS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1979 THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



# The writing and the walls

JONATHAN RABAN's tour of the Gulf states takes him to Abu Dhabi, 'bursting at its unfinished seams with pride and hopefulness,' and Sana'a, a city which is almost legible in its layout.



ONE NIGHT I saw Abu Dhabi from the penthouse flat of Zaki Nusseibeh, the special adviser to the Emir. It was an eyrie, perched high in the blue over the city, with books on the walls and a tiger skin on the floor. From the window, the surrounding buildings tapered downwards to the street, and the Gulf twinkled with ships' lights. It was West Side, Manhattan, but with more innocence and sparkle than one ever finds in modern New York. In the 1890s, possibly, before the skyscraper-city fell from grace, one might have caught the same heady grandeur in a view from an apartment overlooking Central Park.

Nusseibeh, the oldest son of Anwar Nusseibeh, [the former Jordanian defence minister who lives in East Jerusalem], is a Palestinian with the rapid, alive style of a New York intellectual, primed on Galbraith, McLuhan, Rachel Carson, Hannah Arendt. His room was high enough up from the street to float in that international airspace where the books one has read count for more than the climate outside the window or the language of the people down below.

"There are two things you have to understand about this city. One: don't get taken in by the vertical architecture. The real city is lateral. It's the hardest thing for a visitor to see that Abu Dhabi is really a Bedu town. You look at the way people visit each other, who they marry — the way they actually use the buildings. The secret infrastructure of this place is pure Bedu. And you'll never really see it, because it's something that no one but an Arab can. The best you can do is to know that it's there. Everything you see here is a kind of optical illusion — it makes you see one kind of society while what you're look-

ing at is really quite another. It's much, much more foreign than it looks.

"The second thing is this fantastic adaptability that the Bedu have. They take change with such cool and self-possession. I'm getting used now to my own surprise at discovering that someone's whole view of the world has undergone a quiet revolution in a matter of just a year or two.

"I'll give you an example. There's an old man in the Emir's household, a retainer. He's not educated. He was brought up in the desert. His whole life has been spent in knowing about things like camels and falcons, you know?

"You remember the first moonshot in — what was it...1969? We were in Spain, and this old man came up to me — he'd seen the television pictures, and he was in a state of pure rage. He said the entire thing was a hoax, a put-on. It was a piece of American propaganda. They were just showing pictures of some desert and telling people it was the moon. Because it was impossible for a man to go to the moon. That was in the Koran. Allah would not have allowed such a thing. Why, he asked me, were so many people believing in this terrible sacrilegious lie that the Americans were putting about?"

"Then, last year, when they did the Mars probe...The same old guy...We were talking, and he said, 'Look, supposing they do find traces of oxygen in the rocks they bring back, do you think that means that there really is life on Mars?'"

"Don't you find that something? How can you make predictions about a people who can move as fast as that? The whole inside of his head had changed, but he was still just the old family retainer...a typical Bedu. And this was an old man. What do you

think the young men will be like? — the ones who've already grown up with moonshots and jet travel? I think this power of accommodation is something that no one understands yet; and I think that people who catch even a glimmer of it tend to be frightened by it."

Nusseibeh invited me to hitch a lift on his evening. He had nothing special to do that night; there were a few parties that he had to drop in on, a cousin he must visit...

I was hesitant. Having been invited to none of these parties, would I not stick out as a *Ull*, an intruder? I had no need to worry, Nusseibeh said. These were parties that everyone went to.

It was much like being a pawn in a game of three-dimensional chess. Horizontal moves were made in Nusseibeh's Porsche, vertical ones in elevators whose doors kept on opening on the wrong party. For a few hours, the whole city seemed to consist exclusively of Indian waiters carrying silver trays of orange juice and cocktails, of ball-gowns, busy American oilmen, and a deafening linguistic salad of Arabic, German, French, English and Italian. As the lift-doors slid open on each identical *tableau vivant*, Nusseibeh, making a grave salute to the nearest braying group, would say, "I think this is not the one we want," and press the button for another floor; another party.

Everyone went to the parties, Nusseibeh had said. In court life, anyone who isn't somebody is nobody — and the parties were all part of Sheikh Zayed's court. He wasn't to be seen, but his presence was imprinted on every noisy room. In some of the rooms his framed gold image hung, winking, on a wall; in others his person was distributed and extended through his apparently uncountable retinue of courtiers.

IN ONE ROOM, after more cocktails had come and gone than now seems decent to remember, an Indian butler wheeled in a series of silver trolleys laden with food. Some rooms, some houses ago, all women had disappeared. By midnight we were down to a dinner party of perhaps 20 men, with almost as many nationalities slumped in armchairs and sprawled on cushions.

"I have been going to London for 20 years," said a Kuwaiti. "I think something very bad has happened in the last five years or so."

"The Arabs moved in," suggested an American, choking over his bowl of salad.

"Once it was the friendliest city in the world. Now it is spoiled. It is rude and dirty. I do not know why this happens. You have lost something very precious. A change, I think, has come over the people..."

"Your success and our failure, perhaps —" I said.

"They have lost their spirit. They have become *thugs*, like people in New York. It is very sad. I loved London once. It is very hard to love it now."

Streaming through Abu Dhabi in the small hours, it was easy to see what the Kuwaiti meant. With its floodlit facades and illuminated skeletons of wonders yet to come, the city had all the vigour and likeability of an experimental society; it was a maze of more or less untainted social possibility. Two hundred years ago, the townships of New England must have had the same freshness — hopeful theocracies, ideal cities.

Never in history had so much money, so much technical expertise, or so powerful a social and religious vision been at anyone's disposal to build a civilization

from scratch as here and now the Gulf. Compared to Shell and Zayed, the Pilgrim Fathers were ill-equipped paupers. Only the great families of the Italian Renaissance could seriously be compared with the Gulf emirs.

Yet no Medici would ever have committed Abu Dhabi. Trees were growing where no logic could; buildings of frames of buildings disappeared upwards into the sky; the whole place was bursting at its unfinished seams with pride and hopefulness. At the same time exuded a quite un-Italian, un-American anxiety. Its taste, for rich and possible a place, was rich and tremulous. All its energy seemed to be in danger of being sapped by that sense that everything everybody were only temporary here.

I stayed on walking in the dark until dawn. In the empty concrete *souk* I came across a Baluchi who looked like an antique blunderbuss slung over his shoulder. Perhaps he was out looking for plastic oryxes; at any rate, he did not seem much interested in me.

The moon was trapped in the steel frame of a sky-scraper-to-be. It had no walls or windows, but staircases had been already built — zig-zagging upwards between imaginary floors. On the sand, the stairs there were half a dozen badly wrapped parcels, sleeping men with not much more than a blanket in this rich Baluchi labourers, in this rich of all the world's cities, earned. I was told, about £100 a month and most of these meagre wages were being sent back to the families in Baluchistan.

Women locked in the quarters...Baluchis under the stairs... these were the people who were really keeping the afloat. Plato's ideal city stated

its base in a slave-class, and so did Abu Dhabi.

ON MY first morning in North Yemen, I woke, still dressed, to find myself lying in what seemed to be the end of a rainbow. The low window was a tracery of irregular holes cut in the stone, and each hole was filled with a fist-sized lump of coloured glass, staining the sunlight scarlet, purple, green and gold. It had turned me into a groggy pierrot. Dazzled, I went to the window and peered out of one of the holes from which the glass had gone.

At that hour, I couldn't take in what I saw. It was a landscape of such bizarre fantasticality and decrepitude that it would have struck me as a bit on the gamey side had I met it in gothic fiction. No one should catch their first sight of the Yemen before breakfast: it brings on vertigo and an alarming conviction that one must be suffering from some extreme disorder of one's vision.

The hotel was surrounded by steep towers of mad mud-Tudor. They looked like the surviving entries from an ancient sandcastle competition. Every square inch of their walls had been worked and decorated with casements, arches, gables, orenellations and rough friezes of whorls, lozenges and curlicues. They leaned and toppled dizzily, straining to the limit the crude materials from which they had been built.

"The Arabesque," I remembered from a lecture in Doha, "has no limit. It is denaturalized, destylized...a song of praise." These towers were arabesques in mud and rough stone. I couldn't begin to guess their age. Some were in ruins. Some were evidently inhabited, with drying washing draped across balconies and battlements.

We drove out of Rowdah in a Land-Rover. The hotel had been a palace, and so, it seemed, had every other house in the village. The place was blocked solid with falling towers; in its heyday it must have been crawling with royalty. Half the palaces now, though, were just fields of dried mud and broken stones where goats, poultry, and grubby children foraged in puffs of dust.

We passed a military barracks, with a twice-life-size plastic tank perched on a rock, then a long desolate flatland of scrub which had been recently walled off behind a sign which announced it, in English as "The 26th of September Park."

"Do they have a park for every day of the year, or is the 26th of September special?" I asked my escort, an Englishman there on a UN agricultural project.

"I think it's the day of the Glorious Revolution."

"Which one?"

"The last one."

"They're dragging this country by the scruff of its neck into the middle of the 18th century?" — The remark was made in those heavy inverted commas which signal a standard cliché; it was the kind of remark which custom required one to make about the Yemen.

I laughed politely, but it did not in fact seem to fit in at all with what I could see. After the endless construction sites of the Gulf, Rowdah and the outskirts of Sana'a looked like sites of idle destruction. Doors were falling out of walls; walls out of houses; houses out of streets; and whole streets seemed to be falling clean out of the city, if all enterprise in Europe had stopped dead in the middle of the Renaissance, and the whole edifice of civilization

been left to quietly self-destruct, then London, Florence, Venice, Chartres and Amsterdam would look today much like my first impression of Sana'a.

It was like driving at speed into an enormous bad cheese. The odd breezeblock building, the new street lights which had been sunk awry into the mud sidewalks, the rough tarmac, neon signs, roundabouts and Pepsi-Cola hoardings did almost nothing to counteract the overwhelming sense that the place had gone rotten.

Long after I had left the Yemen, I kept a one-rial banknote in my wallet. It had gone soggy with handling, and it had acquired the authentic stench of the city. Back in London, paying for a bag of groceries at my corner shop, I was able to summon the Yemen like a genie just by opening the wallet and catching the powerful whiff of that one-rial note.

I was dropped off in the market square. The smell, the glare and the shattering din of horns and motors made the insides of my head curdle. I had been told to expect the medieval. ("I love Sana'a," said an enthusiastic lady in Abu Dhabi. "It's just like going right back into the Middle Ages. It's the real Arabia.")

I had not been warned of the Toyotas, the Datsuns, the Hondas and Chevrolets which ploughed through the narrow mud streets in swirling ovals of dirt, taking sides off walls and forcing people, dogs and cattle to run for their lives. None of the vehicles looked more than a year old, and many of their drivers looked not much older than their cars — scowling babies with their fists pressed permanently down on the buttons of their horns.

"Novelty" horns had hit the town: it was like listening to a mass rally of icecream vans, all playing different tunes in furious competition. I was nearly killed by a demented infant who mounted the pavement in his Toyota and blasted me with the first four bars of "The Camptown Races."

At the time, I was in no fit state to meditate on things like the per capita Gross National Product of the Yemen. Had I been able to do so, the jangle of all this new expensive hardware might have puzzled as well as deafened me. For the last available figures show that the Yemen, with a GNP of \$120 per person per year, is one of the dozen or so poorest countries in the world. It didn't sound it. Hurling myself into a wall of brown dust in order to avoid being run down by a truck with a nasty grin on the face of its radiator, I felt it wise to leave all questions of history, architecture, economics, politics and religion for later — much, much later.

For the moment, I tried to restrict myself to making small, cautious moves. It wasn't easy. Throughout my trip the idea of the labyrinth had never been far away. I had seen labyrinths used again and again as decorative motifs; I had been inside conclusively labyrinthine houses; the *souks* I had visited had all been constructed on labyrinthine principles; and I had sensed that the larger structure of Arab society was — unlike the vertical hierarchies of the West — a labyrinth too.

Until now, though, the labyrinth had been little more than a useful symbol, suddenly in Sana'a I was in the middle of a real maze. Its walls were oppressively high, its corridors narrow, its noise frightening. Wherever I turned, there were new riddles and con-

(Continued overleaf)

Laromme Tel Aviv Surprises Again:

## A NEW APPROACH TO ENTERTAINMENT

### DINNER DANCE WITH SHOW

IL700 per couple — includes dinner, floor show, all taxes and service. Dinner served at 8 p.m.

**Saturday**  
Jazz improvisations, classical and popular themes.  
ISAAC STEINER AND HIS GROUP

**Sunday**  
Soul Music  
JUANITA SMITH AND HER GROUP

**Monday**  
Hasidic evening with TZEMED REIM

**Tuesday**  
Music from musical shows and films.  
ISAAC STEINER AND HIS GROUP

**Wednesday**  
Yiddish Evening  
MYRIAM FUKS  
NIRA RABINOWITZ

**Thursday**  
Chamber music evening  
Israel Chamber Orchestra, Ramat Gan

Cheek to cheek dancing every evening till midnight

FOR RESERVATION CALL 295588

**Laromme tel aviv hotel**  
Charles Clore Park Rd. connecting Tel Aviv-Yafo

SOMETHING DIFFERENT IS HAPPENING EVERY EVENING AT THE LAROMME TEL AVIV HOTEL

**ROLEX**  
THE PRESTIGE WATCH  
Repr. "Eurasia"  
17 Ibn Gevrol, T.A. Tel. 297920.

A certified  
**Child-Birth Educator**  
in the Lamaze method, now in the Tel Aviv area.  
Irit Zahavi. Tel. 69-787415.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!  
REPORT SUSPICIOUS OBJECTS

**Ministry of Energy and Infrastructure**  
**National Council for Research and Development**

National Center of Scientific and Technological Information  
84 Rehov Hahashmona'im, P.O.B. 20128, Tel Aviv, Tel. 297781

### Course in Technical Librarianship

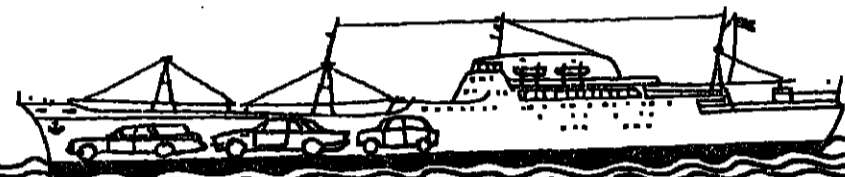
(Second notice, only a limited number of vacancies available)

A course of 3 semesters (2 weekly meetings of 4 hours each in the afternoon) is offered, starting October 1979. The course prepares students for examinations of the Israel Library Association (ILA) for a certificate of "Librarian" — Special Libraries. The fee for the course is IL9,000..

Participants should have at least complete secondary education (not less than grade 8 in English), and a certificate of "Assistant Librarian" of ILA (average grade at least "fairly good"), or equivalent.

Apply as soon as possible to the National Center of Scientific and Technological Information (Dr. E. Hoffmann or Mrs. G. Glath), in order to register.

# SAIL WITH YOUR CAR TO EUROPE



on the

## T.S.S. "APPOLONIA" or T.S.S. "NEPTUNIA"

Come to the blue seas. Sail with your car to Europe and enjoy a tour to the loveliest sites in the Mediterranean. When you disembark in Europe, simply drive your car directly from the ship to anywhere you choose on the Continent....

On returning, stuff your heavy luggage and all your belongings inside your car, drive directly to the ship and from there, straight home.

Easier, nicer, cheaper — to sail with your own car to Europe on board the "Appolonia" or "Neptunia."

## The route to Europe begins at Haifa.

Safety classification given by the Director of Shipping and Ports: Appolonia-C (Built 1948), Neptunia-AA (Built 1956)

For further information, please apply to any travel agency or to the General Agents: J. CASPI Haifa; 1 Natan Kaiserman St., Tel. 640093, 682025 Tel Aviv; 26 Lilienblum St., Tel. 51412, 54388 Jerusalem; 4 Yanai St., Tel. 24248

## HEALTH STUDIO

See the "Today" pages in Sunday's Jerusalem Post for a feature article on our facilities by Haim Shapiro.



## Jerusalem Plaza

**GERVAI FURS**  
Haute Couture  
20 BILU VEI HUDA ST.  
TEL AVIV TEL. 222-6724  
FAX CARD FREE

Friday, 9 p.m.  
**ZOA HOUSE**  
ONE SHABBAT FOR TOURISTS — ISRAEL FOLKLORE IN SONG AND DANCE  
In cooperation with the Ministry of Tourism  
Tickets at your hotel and Z.O.A. House, 1 Daniel Fritsch St., Tel Aviv

**PLASTIC CURTAINS**  
for bathrooms, kitchens, etc., prepared to order. Imported plastics.  
All kinds of tablecloths. Terylene floor mats, covers.  
**GEFFNER**  
29 Rehov Pinaker, Tel. Aviv, corner Trumpeldor, Tel. 248710

(Continued from page 9)

traditions. If I thought I was in one place, it turned out to be another. Sana'a was functioning exactly as a labyrinth should: It was a close protective hive for insiders; but for an outsider it was a trap with no apparent means of escape.

WHEN ESTATE agents describe residences as "detached" or "self-contained," they are using the words frivolously. Husain's house in Sana'a really was detached and self-contained. It had its own well and its own granary. Within its seven narrow storeys, a complete autonomous society was able to function, behind a front door thick enough to withstand a battering ram and honeycombed with ancient keyholes. Here a family could live, right in the centre of the city, in almost complete isolation from their neighbours.

It was a general rule that when I met someone in, say, Qatar or Abu Dhabi, I encountered first a code of manners and only secondly a person. The Gulf Arabs lived very much in public, and they had developed an intricate system of social rules which govern every aspect of their conduct. "Etiquette" was of supreme importance to them — as it must be to anyone who lives much of his life in the open, among strangers.

Husain's house in Sana'a was a vivid symbol of the ocean of cultural difference which divided the Yemenis from their Bedu neighbours. Not only had the Yemen itself been isolated from the rest of the world for long stretches of history, but this isolation was visibly rooted in the separation of house from house, individual from individual.

Every Yemeni I'd met had prided himself on "doing different." There was no code of manners to rely on. The Yemenis despised the protracted negotiations over a price which most other Arabs take such pleasure in, just as they despised good manners.

One taxi driver, for instance, might drive me six or seven miles, then refuse to accept any payment at all because he "liked the English." The next would name a wild price at the end of the trip, and then throw my money in my face when I remarked that his rates struck me as being a bit on the high side.

Walters would either flick plates of food contemptuously sideways at me, slopping their contents half across the table, or sit down with one and rush, without any preliminaries at all, into a friendship.

Sometimes I felt that I was liked, sometimes I knew that I was hated; in the Gulf these expressions would always have been masked behind the formalities of the code, in the Yemen they were naked. The only constant factor in my social encounters in Sana'a was this prickly individualism which combined the exaggerated machismo of the little man with a love of idiosyncrasy for idiosyncrasy's sake. It showed in the clothes people wore, in their personalized motor horns, in their architecture, in their faces.

Houses like Husain's went straight against the grain of Islam as the religion of public, communal life. In Sana'a, a man's house really was his castle; a tall, gloomy tower in which one might develop just about every conceivable kind of eccentricity.

In these crumbling pillars of family privacy, Yemeni individualism had survived a lot of onslaughts already. People had locked their doors against Turkish

rule. They had accepted only as much of Islam as happened to suit them. (In their determination to do different, the Yemenis invented the flattened dome to go over the top of their mosques.)

Ten years ago, they had seen Egyptians, Russians and Saudis off their promises. Now they were facing an inflationary avalanche of foreign cash. Watching Husain bellow at his womenfolk, a king in his own musty domain, I suspected that the Yemenis might actually be more unscathed by all this than they decently deserved to be. When crunches came, they holed up in their towers, chewed *qut*, spat, slept, and waited for a century or two for the fuses to go away.

We climbed up to the roof of Husain's house. It was like stepping out into the middle of a vast pop-up picture book. Away from the street, the whole city turned into a maze of another kind, a dense, jumbled alphabet of signs and symbols. The stucco friezes on the towers formed a continuous scrawl of handwriting all round one; zig-zag pattern was, I realised, based on the shape of the Arabic word for god.

There were other words, too; fragments of sentences inscribed in mud, stucco, brick and in the pinpoint work on wooden lattices. Yet where Allah reigned on the friezes, Jehovah had the windows to himself: the Star of David, roosted in the shapes of leaves and flowers, was picked out on very nearly every tower.

The secular world chimed in with the heads of dogs, men, goats and camels, chiselled into whatever vacant patches had been left. A single decorative arch, raised in stone relief on the side of one tower yielded: twin crescent moons surrounding a Star of David, carved water drops, lozenges, triangles, fleur-de-lis, and some undecipherable calligraphic squiggles. Some shapes had been taken from nature, some from geometry, some from Islam, some from Judaism.

I HAD never seen a city which was so literally legible. It stretched all round my feet, an enormous code in three dimensions. If I half-closed my eyes, I almost thought that I could read it.

The message didn't have a beginning, a middle or an end. It had any structure at all, it was a crazy circular epic about colliding worlds. On the page-like walls of every house, the paradoxes were written up: religions clashed, the realms of nature and culture bled into one another, the domestic and the metaphysical were set in brute juxtaposition. The literate shaded into the pictorial, the pictorial into the literate. It was as if the entire city was conspiring to tell one that the world really is like a scrambled book.

You could look at the walls of Sana'a for a year, finding more and more hidden meanings in them; you could read moral lectures from them.

With more reason, you might look at them for an hour and see that they coalesce into a single simple statement: that the world is infinitely complex, illegible, fraught with paradox, that it offers endless temptations to the gnostic to decode it, and that over the whole mad whirligig of contradictory meanings rides the endless looping signature of Allah. □

by Jonathan Raban. Second of two excerpts from "Arabia Through the Looking Glass" by Jonathan Raban. (London: Collins). Published by arrangement with the author.



(Above) Testing ground moisture by electric conductivity. (Right) Drilling site in Wadi Zin.

# Water in the Negev

Hydro-geologist Arie Issar's attempts to tap a giant reservoir in the central Negev are doing well, reports HARRY WALL. Photos by Richard Nowitz.

ARIE ISSAR is a hydrogeologist, not a prophet. He lays no claim to advance knowledge of the peace treaty and the subsequent IDF pullback into the Negev. It was mere coincidence, he says, that at a time when the Negev's water needs will be doubling, it will become available from previously untapped local sources. And though the Ben-Gurion University professor rejects soothsaying as a scientific method, the discovery of the water and current efforts to extract it are owed largely to his prediction of the existence of the virgin reserves and his persistent urging that drilling operations commence.

The water — about 50b.cu.m. of it — lies in a giant aquifer buried deep beneath the parched crust of the central Negev. For the most part, says Issar, the water is fresh, or only slightly brackish, and therefore suitable for direct use in agriculture and industry.

ISSAR, one of Israel's leading water experts and director of the Water Resources Centre at the BGU Desert Research Institute at Sde Boker, had been convinced of the aquifer's existence for years. But until recently he was like a voice crying in the wilderness, his call for exploratory drilling falling on deaf ears.

Today, however, one of the largest rigs ever erected by Mekorot, the national water company, is drilling for water at Wadi Zin, within earshot of Issar's office at Sde Boker. The well, named aptly enough Ben-Gurion I, has reached a depth of 700m.

"We expect to strike water at 800m. or in about one month," says Issar without any hesitation. The barré-osted scientist with the bushy white hair and twinkling eyes has been poring over charts

of the drilling with Mekorot engineers. The deep well is just the first step of an ambitious plan to furnish the Negev with most of its water requirements. "After we finish drilling here," he says, pointing to the tower of steel and pylons, "we will drill a series of wells, connected to one another, throughout the Negev."

TAPPING the aquifer will be a cautious exercise, to avoid rapid reduction of the water table. "We ought to start by pumping 100m. cu.m. per year and then increase the amount to 500m. cu.m.," he recommends.

To give an idea of what this means for the Negev's development, Issar explains that the average requirement of an agricultural settlement in the southern district is about 1m.cu.m. per year.

"This water, then, could be the basis for 20 to 80 new settlements in the Negev," he adds. There is no available estimate as to what the IDF's water requirements in the area will be following redeployment.

In his simple pre-fab office, lined with satellite maps of the Middle East, Issar describes the discovery and significance of the aquifer. "Back in 1957, I made a hypothesis, based on the available hydrogeological evidence, that a large, fresh-water aquifer lies beneath the Negev."

But it wasn't until 1967, after the Six Day War, that he was convinced of its existence.

In the Sinai, the army looted abandoned Egyptian oil wells. They were pumped and water was found. "We realized that the water was part of a huge aquifer extending across into the Negev.

"I was sure that the sandstone range that runs from the Sinai to the Dead Sea is saturated by an underground body of water," says Issar.

The water, he explains, is a remnant of the Ice Age, some 30,000 to 40,000 years ago, when rain fell in the Middle East and the region was characterized by a humid climate. According to this theory, the "fossil water" percolated from the Sinai into the Negev to form a giant reservoir, enclosed in Nubian sandstone.

Despite the proven reserves of the Sinai aquifer, the "water establishment" — Mekorot and Tahal — were not convinced of the existence of a comparable body in the Negev. Issar realized that the only way to prove his theory was by drilling, but the water establishment said there was insufficient evidence to warrant an operation that would cost about 11.5m. per well.

He thus found himself caught in a vicious circle, which was not broken until last year.

In 1978, the Negev Phosphates Company, needing water for its ore-washing processes in Wadi Zin, pressed Mekorot to drill for what it anticipated would be brackish water, suitable for its needs. But what turned up from the depths of the Wadi was not brackish water, but the fresh water that Issar had forecast. "Nor was the strike a fluke. Each well we have dug since then has turned up usable water," says Issar.

THESE FINDINGS, he says, require a revision of the whole outlook on the distribution of water in the desert region.

"Until recently, the solution of the Negev's water problems meant piping it in from the North.

Soon, with the new reserves, we can virtually take care of the Negev's needs in the Negev," he predicts confidently pointing out that the supply from the aquifer could be augmented by recycling the sewage water.

Over and above furnishing the needs of the central Negev and Arava, the aquifer, says Issar, offers the possibility of irrigating the new settlement region, Pit'hat Shalom, where many of the Rafiah settlements are expected to be relocated. This would mean pumping water northwards (more exactly, northwestwards), a notion, he says, that doesn't jibe with the conventional view of the establishment, that water could never be pumped out of the Negev.

"First they had to overcome the psychological barrier that there is not much water in the Negev. Now, I'm up against another psychological obstacle — that water cannot be pumped, at a feasible cost, from the south to the north."

But he seems undaunted by the challenge and sure of the outcome. "You never plan a region purely for technocratic reasons. It must be done for ideological reasons. You tell the planner what scenario you want in 20 years and it is up to him to develop the most feasible means of reaching that goal. Too often it is the other way around, with the planners setting our goals for us."

WEARING HIS prophetic mantle again, Issar predicts that it's just a matter of time before a network of wells and pipelines in the Negev valleys will be carrying water throughout the desert region. "Today, I can foresee a regional water carrier in the Negev, not much smaller than the one beginning at the Kinneret. This regional carrier will be connected to the national carrier near Beersheba, thus joining the entire country in one, integrated water system."

This grand scheme could mean tunnelling into the sandstone and "mining" the water out of the Negev but, he says, "it's not as far-fetched as it sounds. It's been

tried successfully in Europe."

While there are those in the water establishment who would consider Arie Issar a dreamer, he regards himself as a "futurist thinker." "A regional water carrier takes five years in planning and execution. We have to think 20 years ahead, just to be realistic."

The Negev aquifer, he explains, will provide a "bank account" from which to draw while developing other water sources, mainly by desalination — if the cost can be brought down. Issar warns that, even with the fossil water, by the year 2000 there will be a deficit of 400m. cu.m. of water in the Negev if alternative supplies are not developed soon. While he is a scientist by profession, Issar's outlook is grounded on ideological convictions.

"You never plan a region purely for technocratic reasons. It must be done for ideological reasons. You tell the planner what scenario you want in 20 years and it is up to him to develop the most feasible means of reaching that goal. Too often it is the other way around, with the planners setting our goals for us."

"Our first priority is to settle the Negev," says the man who has been living in Sde Boker since he helped to establish the Desert Research Institute in 1973. "Here will lie the basis of Israel's strength in the future."

As a parting salvo to the technocrats and planners Issar adds, "If you use a cost-benefit analysis to set your goals, then you could have said that the entire idea of a Jewish state was not feasible and therefore should not be undertaken. It would have made better sense to have left the Jews in Europe and insured them with Lloyd's of London." □

# POST PULLOUT GUIDE

## The Poster

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Jerusalem**  
**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Helms Bernard and Michael Schneider. In English. (Hilton Hotel, tonight, tickets should be booked before Shabbat; King David Hotel, tomorrow)

**ESPRESSO GENERATION** — With the "Hanoi Over Habibi" group. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bealei, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**JAZZ** — With Israel's top jazz musicians. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**MATTI CASPI** — (Binyanei Ha'ooma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**MEIR AMIEL** — Israeli songwriter sings his own compositions. (Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**THE POLICEMAN AND THE TRAMP** — French Film (1973), with Romi Schneider and Michel Piccoli. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2.30)

**Tel Aviv**  
**DAVID BROZA** — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at midnight)

**GAZOL** — (Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bellinson, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**IN A PANIC** — (Ohel Shem, tomorrow; Beit Arlosoroff, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON** — With Gad Yagi and Hanna Laslow. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkas, tomorrow at 9.15 p.m.; Monday at 9 p.m.; Ohel, 6 Bellinson, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**NATURAL CHOICE GROUP** — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8.30 and 10.30 p.m.; Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THEY CALL IT HAPPINESS** — (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30)

**TELL MECHUVAN GROUP** — (Beit Tabori, tonight at 10)

**Other Towns**  
**ERIC'S PUPPET THEATRE** — "An Italian in Algiers." (Ashkelon, Rahel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**THE ESPRESSO GENERATION** — (Givatayim, Shviti, tonight at 9.45)

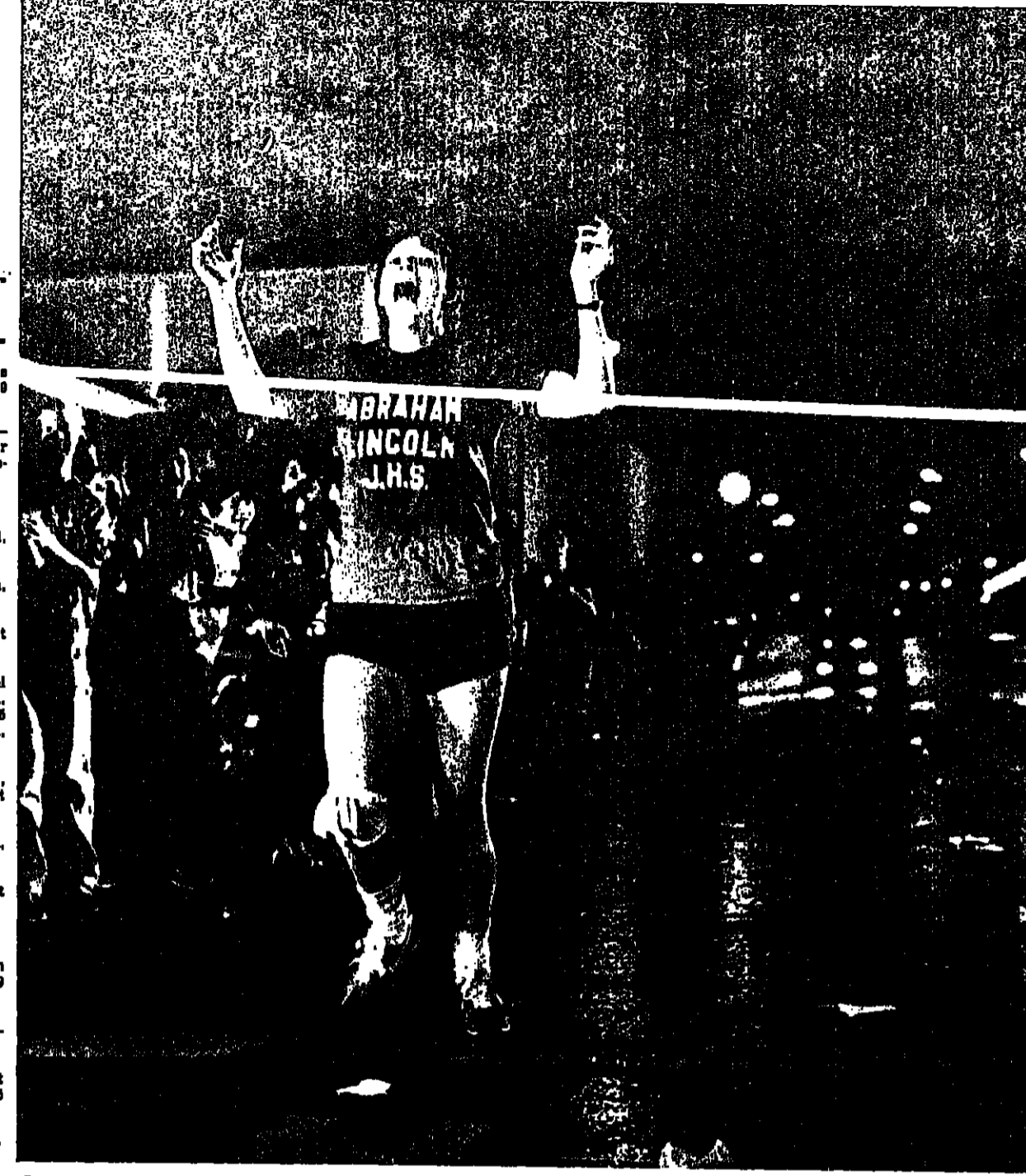
**GAZOL** — (Kiryat Bialik, Savyon, tonight at 9.45; Beit Shean, Hiram, Sunday at 9.15 p.m.; Kiryat Gat, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**IN A PANIC** — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45)

**TELL MECHUVAN GROUP** — (Arad, Matness, tomorrow at 9.30)



Israeli songwriter Meir Amiel.



Joanne Woodward jogs her way to salvation in "See how she runs," directed by Richard Haefron.

# OPPOSITE CAMPS

Hundreds of thousands of Israeli children are just winding up a summer at kaitana. Some of the camps are subsidized, some make a profit. Some are educational, some recreational in their emphasis. The Post's CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER visits two of them, run by child psychologist Erica Landau (left) and entrepreneur Rafi Shauli (right). Photographs are by Lester J. Millman.

## Archaeology to zoology

THE SUMMER CAMP attached to The Young Person's Institute for the Promotion of Art and Science at the Ha'aretz Museum was run by Dr. Erica Landau, a child psychologist, and was an extension of the after-school programme for 6-16-year-olds she runs throughout the year. The cost of the four-week camp was IL7,200 for 16 half-day sessions. The qualifications for attending was an I.Q. of 140 or over.

Landau initiated her project of special courses for gifted children 11 years ago. Being the educational director of the Ha'aretz Museum, and a psychologist and psychotherapist, she succeeded in convincing the Education Ministry that it should take the project under its wing. During the year, some 1,300 children from the Tel Aviv area, and an additional 400 in localized courses in underprivileged areas, attend art and science groups designed to stimulate them and broaden their interests. These

children are often bored and undisciplined because the regular school curriculum lacks sufficient challenge for them.

The majority of gifted children tend to be science-oriented: the courses open their minds to the humanities as well, and each participant is obliged to attend a social study course.

"Most highly intelligent children are problematic at school," says Landau. "But the real problem, particularly in the case of brilliant children from underprivileged areas, is what they do after school hours, how they handle the temptations which present themselves. It takes intelligence to be a successful criminal: the majority of juvenile delinquents are extremely bright, looking for a challenge. In many cases, our courses are a prophylactic activity, preventing youth from using highly developed talents anti-socially, negatively."

Many of the 180 children who have just completed the "kaitana" at Museum Ha'aretz are regular attenders throughout the year, though some are the children of visiting Israeli diplomats posted abroad and others live too far away to attend throughout the year.

On the morning we went, we found a group of nine year olds in the art and biology course



## Disco dances and chinese food

FOR THE PAST two months, the Semadar Hotel in Caesarea has been used to house "Mini-Mandy's," a luxury children's summer camp whose chef has been borrowed from the exclusive "Le Club" in Tel Aviv, whose participants sleep in air-conditioned dormitories and are offered a range of activities from handicrafts, swimming and film shows to horse-riding, poolside barbecues and live entertainment by stars such as Zippy Shavit and Nira Rabinovitz. The aim here is to provide entertainment, pure and simple; the cost of a two-week stay is IL7,600.

When we visited the Semadar Hotel, the premises were still looking a bit run-down — full-scale renovation had not yet commenced to turn it into the huge chalet-hotel complex it is destined to be. But the former deserted atmosphere had certainly been banished: there were children everywhere, sitting playing games and reading books in one of the rooms, watching TV in another, or engaged in a variety of other activities.

The windows of a former Bank

Leumi branch in the hotel now reveal a mass of handiworks; the display window of another former shop is now full of carpentry equipment and wooden models. On the lower level, what used to be the conference room has now been divided into three to form the boys' dormitories. The rows of gym shoes lined up in the corridor — mostly Adidas — and the children's plastic tote bags — sporting fancy names like Fiorucci — give some indication of the kids' backgrounds, though the facilities are hardly up to the two-star image.

There are up to 16 bunk beds in each room, and toilet facilities nearby, but in order to have a shower the boys either have to use the cold water showers by the swimming pool, or walk across to an adjacent building, where the girls' dormitories (with far better facilities) are situated.

In this round-the-clock children's wonderland we find a very relaxed Rafi Shauli, casually dressed in sneakers and shiny disco shorts, looking as though he is thoroughly enjoying himself, participating in the communal meals, playing basketball, disappearing into the stables and, he assures us, hard at work in his new Caesarea headquarters.

"I always thought I was a city boy," he remarks. "But I don't think I ever want to go back to Tel Aviv again."

Nonetheless, it is more than a little surprising to find Shauli, the



### CHILDREN & YOUTH

**KIRKASHYA** — Puppet theatre. (Tel Aviv, Beit Hahayal, Sunday at 4 p.m.; Avihai, Beit Hagudim, Monday at 5.15 p.m.; Kiron, Matness, Tuesday at 4.20 p.m.; Gadera, Matness, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

**WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LAND OF WHO** — With Hava Alberstein and Avraham Mor. (Dimona, Matness, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Beit Hahayal, Monday at 4 p.m.; Holon, Rina, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

**THE INDIAN IN THE BONGX AND THE SUBWAY** — By Leoroy Jones. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, tomorrow through Wednesday)

**LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE** — The Yvul Theatre's new play about the beliefs, customs and superstitions of Israel's different communities. (Netanya, Esther, Thursday at 9.15 p.m.)

**ON LIFE AND DEATH** — Puppet theatre for adults. (Khan, opposite railway station, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**SHIGAON** — With mime artist Julian Chgrin. (Khan, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv**  
**DEAR LIAR** — By Jerome Kilt. Based on the letters of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

**THE FALL** — By Albert Camus. (Beit Hovev, Dizengoff St., tomorrow)

**ON LIFE AND DEATH** — (Tzavta, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**SHIPLEY STORY** — By S. Agnon. Produced by Habimah. (Habimah's Small Hall, tomorrow; Large Hall, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday)

**Other Towns**  
**DEAR LIAR** — (Beersheba, Thursday)

**THE FALL** — (Beit Gev, tonight)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1979

### FILMS IN BRIEF

**ANNIS HALL** — Woody Allen's bourgeois and comes up with a hilarious solution to a moral impasse.

**CLOCKWORK ORANGE** — Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

**COMING HOME** — Sally Hyde volunteers to work in a hospital for war wounded, during her husband's term in Vietnam. Among the paraplegic victims is an old school chum Luke Martin. He is angry, broken and bitter. As Sally's commitment and compassion grow, so does Luke's love for her. A moving film which, without battle scenes or politics, condemns war and questions the meaning of manhood. Exceptionally fine film.

**CONVOY** — Possibly Sam Peckinpah's most mature and sophisticated film to date, Conroy takes a seemingly simple story and creates a folkballad of high quality. Eric Kristofferson plays "Rubber Duck," the truck driver who leads hundreds of truckers on their trek over American mileage.

**THE DEER HUNTER** — Without broaching the question of America's moral right to be in Vietnam, this is an epic war film which tells the story of three steelworking buddies, who are indelibly scarred in the Vietnam war. Winner of five Oscars, this three-hour film should not be missed.

**A DIFFERENT STORY** — Homosexual boy meets homosexual girl. They become companions at first, then friends and finally lovers. Homosexual boy and girl now become straight boy and girl and the tale is one that is no longer different at all.

**BREATHROUGH** — The sequel to "Cross of Iron" this is another big-budget, international-cast package tour of World War II. Mediocore performances by Richard Burton, Robert Mitchum, Rod Taylor and Curt Jurgens blend with low class melodrama and maudlin moralising to produce a truly tedious film.

**LA CAGE AUX FOLLES** — A refreshing French farce which pits a homosexual and a transvestite against the French petite bourgeoisie and comes up with a hilarious solution to a moral impasse.

**THE EXORCIST** — William Peter Blatty's film proves to be not more than a horror flick and not so very horrendous at that. The astonishing thing about it is that it should have caused such a hullabaloo. Linda Blair as the diabolically possessed child, Ellen Burstyn as her mother and Max von Sydow as the exorcist.

**LE GENDARME ET LES EXTRA-TERRESTRES** — St. Tropez is invaded by the fifth of Louis de Funès' comedies featuring Inspector Cruchot. The invasion in this case includes a group of extra-terrestrials planning to conquer the world. Only for fans of the madcap de Funès.

**GREASE** — Musical recreating the rock'n'roll era of the '50s. Stars John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

**HEAVEN CAN WAIT** — Joe Pendleton (Warren Beatty), a star quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, is just about to play in the Superbowl, his lifelong ambition, when he is suddenly killed in an accident. He awakens to find himself in a cloud-submerged waystation, heading for Heaven, but the archangel, Mr. Jordan, James Mason, discovers that Joe has arrived 50 years early. A celestial error which can only be rectified by sending Joe back to inhabit another body. A delightful, heart-warming, star-studded comedy, an example of Hollywood at its best.

**HESTER STREET** — Sympathetically depicts the dilemma of Shtetl Jews from all over Europe in adapting to the mores of their adoptive country — the U.S. Steven Kazis plays the assimilated Jew who has preceded his wife (Carol Kane) and son to America and tries to eradicate his old self by rejecting her.

**HOUSE CALLS** — Delightful, sophisticated comedy about a widowed surgeon (Walter Matthau) who falls in love with an English divorcee, Glenda Jackson. (Continued on page 13)





A FOOTNOTE to Chick Corea's recent visit to this corner of the Ottoman Empire, let's take a look at his very latest, Secret (Litrato).

Contrary to the view of the headline sent by The Post to view Chick's concert, I prefer to hear him on electronic keyboards rather than on acoustic piano, and his album gives us a good variety of Electro-Corea at his best.

A brief opener, "The Golden Dawn," sets the mood with a mild melodic line and colorations reminiscent of Return to Forever. Then Chick cuts loose on "Inky," cooing more tone out of an amplified keyboard than you'd think possible.

Ever self-effacing, Chick gives plenty of space on the next tracks to a first-class set of sidemen, especially to the fine percussionist Roberto Moreira. Bunny Brunel on sax, Joe Farrell on reeds, and Stanley Moran, who supplies lastly the "Drifting" and "Glebe Street Blues."

# Amplified Corea

AND ALL THAT JAZZ / Madeline L. Kind

Side two is even better, with two of Corea's richest compositions in years, "Fickle Funk" and "Central Park." Both exhibit the maestro's dizzy-digitated technique. A surprise bonus is the appearance of Al Jarreau, lending his distinctive vocal phrasings on "Hot News Blues."

By the by, we've had a couple of letters asking how to get in touch with Chick. You can write him at POB 85220, Los Angeles, Calif. 90072.

WHILE we're in a jazz mood, we might look at some other interesting items that have come out on the local market lately.

to work with the man he admired so much (and Gerry's no slouch himself). Then Paul stepped out for a few albums with his own hand-picked sidemen.

Electronics, which generally does more than anyone else to bring jazz to the local desert, offers Pure Desmond, backed by Ron Carter on bass, Connie Kay on drums, and the Canadian wizard Ed Bickert on guitar. You simply can't take a line-up like that and not get some very pleasant sound. Very loose and limber interps of Cole Porter and Duke Ellington. My favourite track is Django Reinhardt's "Nuages," with Paul and Ed teasing back and forth just as Paul and Bru used to do.

Skyhawk has Desmond on longer and often Latinized tracks, with guest artist Gabor Szabo supplying yummy guitar solos. Rich riffs too on Paul Simon's "Was a Sunny Day" and Desmond's own "Take Ten."

MUCH of the excitement of the movie Midnight Express must be credited to the electronic jazz-rock score, and Litrato has got the soundtrack out on a very exciting album. Top credit to composer Giorgio Moroder and keyboardist David Castle.

THE MODERN Jazz Quartet was

YEARS AGO, when there were price rises, writers of cooking columns would try to help their readers adjust to the new reality by giving recipes for cheap dishes.

Those days seem to be gone forever. The price increases come faster than ever before, and no sooner have we caught our breath from one jump, than we are faced with another.

In restaurants, too, there seems to be no limit to what proprietors will charge their customers, who none the less crowd in and seem to be more than willing to take the punishment. And only occasionally does the food warrant the price.

One answer to this maddening spiral is to live off the land. Use the products that are free, or almost free. Gather the produce of your own or your neighbour's garden (with permission of course).

Naturally, even under such circumstances, there are a few things you will have to buy, such as sugar and salt. And you will no doubt use cooking gas or electricity, rather than build a bonfire. But still the experience will be fun.

her to pick them. Others have branches that hang down invitingly over fences and walls.

I AM ALSO not suggesting that you buy a goat, or keep chickens, although such things are not unheard of in my neighbourhood. Just keep your eyes open to what's available around you.

For example, on her daily walks with the baby, my wife has learned the location of every fig tree in the area. Some are in the gardens of friendly neighbours, who allow

# Living off the land



## MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

quisite. It was delicious as it was, and no doubt would have been even better with the addition of thick unsweetened cream. I know that cream is expensive. But, after all, the figs didn't cost anything.

And while speaking of figs, let me remind you of one of the easiest and most elegant hors d'oeuvres one can serve, large peeled figs with strips of smoked goose breast curled around them. To slice the goose breast in nice thin strips, chill it well before cutting, but bring it to room temperature to develop the full flavour before serving.

OLIVES, too, need not cost anything. Aside from the many trees in parks and by the roadside, there are also a number of olive trees in the gardens of friends and acquaintances who are only too happy to have us pick the fruit.

A number of years ago, we tried pickling green olives. Too lazy to break each one with a mallet, we simply soaked them in water for about a week, changing the water daily, and then pickled them in a brine solution strong enough to float an uncooked egg. To the salt water we added a few cloves of garlic and a few hot peppers.

The olives were ready to eat after a year. But I do have a word of warning. The taste of the spices was highly intensified by the pickling process. Next time we will use them far more sparingly.

A more ambitious project last year was the preparation of black olives. We were told that we should simply wash the olives and pack them with coarse salt. What we did not know was that we should allow the juice to drain off. The juice the greater part of the olives were very good and very much like the wrinkled, salty Greek olives.

Yet another source of food is a grape vine. The most simple treat is grape juice. Just crush the grapes well, strain the juice through a collander, and bring it to a boil to keep it from fermenting.

Wine is a bit more complicated, if only because one needs a fairly large storage area. Crush the grapes and let them stand, peels and all, for a few weeks. (If you like sweet wine add sugar.) Then strain the juice and bottle it. It improves after a few weeks.

Finally, for quick and easy stuffed grape leaves, immerse the leaves in boiling salted water to soften them. Stuff them with a half-meat and half-bread mixture which has been soaked and squeezed out, seasoning this mixture with garlic, onion, dinnamon and allspice. Line the stuffed leaves in a pan or pot and cover with a plate to keep them in place and cook for about 40 minutes in broth.

Serve these grape leaves hot, with a sauce made by thickening the broth with a little cornstarch, adding the juice of a lemon, and beating it into one or two egg yolks before serving.

# This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide

### JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

**GEORGIA RESTAURANT**  
THE ONLY GEORGIAN RESTAURANT  
Air-conditioned, Georgian and Russian food, K kosher Bar and Entertainment.  
Enjoy a "businessman's" lunch in the street-level bar. Elegant lunch or dinner in the formal downstairs restaurant.  
4 King David St., Jerusalem.  
where the world's famous have dined. The only restaurant in Jerusalem where you can have dinner with music. Tel. (02) 227577

### JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

**HESSE**  
a traditional Jerusalem meeting-place  
EXCLUSIVE FRENCH RESTAURANT  
Personal, polite service Background music Fully airconditioned. Open daily for lunch & dinner.  
COFFEE HOUSE - TERRACE  
We are happy to announce the arrival of our new French Chef. Come and enjoy the products of his superior, international-level culinary skills.  
5 S. Ben Shetah St. Jerusalem Tel. 226893

### JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

**MARINA CHINESE RESTAURANT**  
KOSHER CHINESE CUISINE AT THE  
PRESIDENT HOTEL JERUSALEM  
Lunch & Dinner 1-3 pm, 7 pm - midnight.  
RESERVATIONS: PRESIDENT HOTEL  
3 Ahad Ha'am St. Tel. (02) 631273

### CHIN CHEN

Chinese Restaurant and Take-Away Food  
All styles of Chinese food. Gentle Chinese atmosphere with gracious service. Air conditioned.  
Open for Lunch and Dinner  
Golomb St. (Par Station) Ramat Danyo, Jerusalem. Tel. (02) 421600

### Condition

the oldest wine  
From the oldest winery in Israel. Established 1848 in the Old City. Available in fine stores and duty-free shops.

### stark

KOSHER Hungarian and Jewish home-style food  
Open Sun.-Thurs., 12 noon-9.30 pm  
Open Sat.-evening  
Credit cards accepted  
21 King George St. Tel. (02) 226757

### motza inn

European Atmosphere Moroccan Specialties  
Open for Lunch & Dinner 7 Days a Week  
Jerusalem - Motza Junction (5 minutes from Jerusalem)  
Tel. (02) 532100. Open 11 am-midnight

### Central Restaurant GERLITZ

Jewish Cooking GILAT KOSHER. Vegetarianism of Aqueduct Vitrali Approval!  
16 Malchei Israel St., Gole Quarter Tel. 224367  
Buy coupons for Shabbat meals and holidays in advance

### CHUNG HWA

CHINESE FOOD AT POPULAR PRICES.  
OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER - 7 DAYS A WEEK.  
Tel. 02-422746  
1 zangwill st., kiryat hayovel (near gas station, 200 m. from holland sq.)

# BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q

every monday 11.30 all inclusive 19.30 | Jerusalem Hilton

# This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide

### Saint George Restaurant

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE  
Come to eat, while feeling the atmosphere of the Holy Land, at Saint George Restaurant.  
High-class restaurant, charcoal-grilled meals of finest Oriental and European food.  
Enjoy food and service of the highest quality.  
Fully airconditioned. Group meals accepted.  
Please ring (02) 743780 for reservations.  
BETHLEHEM, P.O. BOX 61 MANGER SQUARE

### Restaurant and Delicatessen

Strictly Kosher  
**Ferberberg's**  
THE HOUSE OF MOTHER'S AND GRANDMOTHER'S DELICATESSEN  
Famous for Jewish Traditional Cuisine  
Open: noon till 9 pm  
53 Jaffa Road (corner of King George) Tel (02) 224841 or 225788

### EIFFEL DISCO

LATEST RECORDS ALL NEW DISCO MUSIC ARAB BELLY DANCERS MODERN ATMOSPHERE  
Reservations: Tel. (02) 272052  
Show will start at 10 pm. 25 Sultan Suleiman St. Next to the Post Office.

**AVAILANCHE**. Starring Rock Hudson and Mia Farrow. Directed by Corey Allen.

THIS INANITY stars Rock Hudson, who is fresh out of talent. His futile attempt to act in *Availanche* is plainly embarrassing, as are the dialogue, the script, the characterization, and direction of this film.

Hudson plays an overly ambitious entrepreneur who chops down hundreds of trees to transform a wondrous Rocky Mountain landscape into a fancy winter resort against the warnings of naturalist Mick Thorn, a veritable thorn in his side.

Thorn, an ecologist struggling to protect the wilderness and its beauty, fears that Hudson's tampering with nature will endanger the lives of the resort's guests. He cautions Hudson against the possibility of an avalanche, which the felled trees might have held in check, but Hudson is too far advanced in his megalomania to do an abrupt about-face.

Hudson's ex-wife, Caroline (pitifully played by Mia Farrow), comes to participate in the festivities launching the opening of the sports lodge, but rebuffs Hudson's attempts at a reconciliation. She says she won't give up her individuality and freedom of expression to serve a selfish, domineering husband.

As is to be expected in this most predictable of plots, Caroline falls for her husband's adversary, the naturalist (naturally), and she becomes the lady-in-distress, indispensable to every calamity film. In spite of some well-

# Rock's big fall



Mia Farrow hangs on for dear life in 'Availanche'.

## CINEMA REVIEWS

photographed skiing scenes, *Availanche* is a boring, non-escapist, pseudo-adventure film. It was produced by Roger Cornman, the man who was turning out "B" movies 20 years ago starring any woman who could boast a chest larger than Anita Ekberg's. Obviously *Availanche* is Hollywood's latest attempt to capitalize on the public's interest in disaster films, which have endeavored, with various degrees of success, to recreate every large-scale environmental or physical catastrophe im-

aginable: hijacked airplanes, sunken ships, highrise conflagrations, biological warfare and shark attacks — choose your favourite disaster.

But none of them, with all their sophisticated special effects, has been able to approximate the artistic heights or level of suspense of Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*, for example, nor the emotional devastation of *On the Beach*, starring Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck.

Directed by Stanley Kramer in 1959, *On the Beach*, with no special effects, no cinematic gadgetry, no laser beams, no star wars, no germ warfare, but only with its stark simplicity, said everything about the human

capability for self-annihilation. A flimsy, predictable, no-talent film like *Availanche* should be passed over. □

**MOONMAKER**. Starring Roger Moore, Lola Chiles, Michael Fassbinder, Richard Kiel and Corinne Leary. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Based on the novel by Ian Fleming.

THE 11th flick in the James Bond series has not deviated from the standard 007 formula of short, intermittent bursts of violence, intrigue and sex, cleverly wrapped up in raunchy humour and the latest technological wizardry, which audiences have come to expect from all of Ian Fleming's adventures.

As the series has progressed, it has become clear, however, that the real star is not James Bond, nor his voluptuous sidekicks, but the elaborate sets dreamed up by production designer Ken Adam.

In the latest film, *Moonraker*, Adam designed more than 50 sets, including a \$500,000 three-tier space station. Some 100 tons of metal, two tons of nails and nearly three kilometres of wood were used in constructing the space station. According to the mind-boggling statistics Hollywood's promotion agencies love to grind out, "There was enough timber employed during the unbelievable 22,000 man-hours (or one man's lifetime) spent on set construction to build at least 40 houses." The electronic equipment used could furnish half-a-dozen Concordes and, the glossy PR pamphlet reads, "the amount of electricity burned would keep an average family household happily supplied for 100 years or more."

In our troubled times of dwindling energy supplies, is it justifiable to use as much electricity as the average American family consumes over 100 years for a two-hour feature film?

If one considers the film's success with audiences around the world, and locally as well, such energy expenditure is not only justified, but also salutary. *Moonraker* is indeed a rousing escapist film with brilliant special effects and enough savvy not to take itself too seriously. Though he never has been able to match Sean Connery's macho nonchalance, Roger Moore still manages to bring home the goods as Britain's unbeatable secret agent. The showcase of technicolor female flesh is still an essential part of the plot, but the women seem to be getting smarter and more independent (the influence of the women's liberation movement on Hollywood stereotypes?).

Made up to look like Count Dracula, Sir Hugo Drax (Michael Lonsdale), is intent on creating a new super-race. He may be the most sinister of Fleming's villains, but "Jaws" is undoubtedly the most popular. Appearing for the first time in the James Bond series in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Jaws (Richard Kiel) was called back for a repeat performance by popular demand. The 143 kilo, over two-metre tall, steel-toothed villain is a fitting modern heir to Frankenstein, and one hopes he will become a regular in the 007 cast.

RUTH ARIELLA BROYDE

# The devil's coup

GREAT BRITAIN beat Hungary at the European Bridge Championships. But Miklos Dumbrovich of Hungary, in today's deal, brought off the Devil's Coup, a play which was worthy of a prize.

Both Vul:

North	South
♠ A 10 6 4	♠ A 10 2
♥ Q J 3	♥ K 7 4
♦ K Q 8 2	♦ A Q J 10 9
♣ 8	♣ 10 3

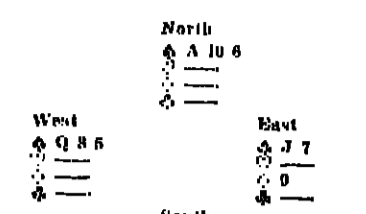
The biddings:

East	South	West	North
Pass	Pass	Pass	1 ♠
1 ♣	1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♠
Pass	1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠
All Pass			

When the British player sat in the South seat, he was in the same

contract, and lost the four obvious tricks, one in each suit. But Dumbrovich did not allow this to happen.

The opening lead of the diamond eight was won by East's, who returned a heart. West won with the king, cashed the club ace and exited with a heart. Declarer won in dummy, and played the club king, and then the club queen on which East discarded a heart. South dropping the heart ace. (If East had ruffed the club queen he would have made it easy for declarer to overruff, cash the spade king and finesse against the queen.) Declarer then ruffed a heart, cashed the diamond king, ruffed a diamond and ruffed a club, arriving at this position:



On the lead of the diamond seven, East was helpless. North overruffed, and then won the last two trump tricks with the ace and king. If West had ruffed with the queen, declarer would have had to finesse against the jack. A defensive trick had vanished.

There was a defence against this Devil's Coup. If East had made the unlikely discard of diamonds on the third and fourth round of clubs, he would have been able to overruff and set the contract.

(Information provided by the International Bridge Press Association.)

**Tours of the Weizmann Institute of Science and The Weizmann House, Rehovot**

You are cordially invited to visit the world famous Weizmann Institute of Science and the newly opened Weizmann House — residence of Dr. Chaim Weizmann — First President of the State of Israel.

Visitors to the Weizmann Institute are invited to see an exhibition on Dr. Weizmann's life in the Weizmann Library, and a film on the Institute's research activities in the Weizmann Auditorium. The film is shown regularly at 11.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. every day, except Fridays, when it is shown at 11.00 a.m. only. Special screenings can be arranged for groups.

Visits to the Weizmann Art Gallery can be arranged on Sunday and Wednesday afternoons, by prior appointment only. (Tel. 03-535971).

Tours of the Weizmann House are held daily every half hour from 9.00 to 3.30 p.m. and between 9.00 a.m. and noon on Fridays. There is a nominal fee for admission to the Weizmann House.

For tours of the Weizmann House please book in advance by contacting the Visitor's Section of Yeshiva Weizmann, Tel. 03-535320.

**THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE AND THE WEIZMANN HOUSE ARE CLOSED ON THE SABBATH AND ON HOLIDAYS.**

**Develop & print your own photos**

We supply all equipment and facilities. Air conditioned darkroom. IL42 per hour. Beginners' courses in English in photography, developing and enlarging.

Open 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Friday. Closed Saturday.

For details phone 234162. 58 Shlomo Hamelech St., Tel Aviv

**Camera Obscura**

# This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide

**NEW IN EILAT!**

**Melony Tower Ltd. Aparthotel**

- One-room studio (2 beds) \$25 per day
- Two-room apartment (4 beds) \$44 per day
- Extra bed \$7 per day
- Babycot FREE
- Continental breakfast FREE
- Hotel service (15%) INCL.

All studios & apartments are equipped with airconditioner, refrigerator, gas eating and cooking utensils.

The above prices are available until 15 September 1979 only.

FOR INFORMATION OR RESERVATION PLEASE CALL: TEL AVIV (03) 231239 - EILAT (059) 6135

**Exciting Sinai Desert Safari by Jeep**

Tour the spectacular Sinai Desert by Jeep with Roujum Desert Tours. Tours leave every Thursday at noon.

This will be one of the most memorable experiences of your trip to Israel, long remembered after you return home. See the breathtaking scenery of the Sinai before it is returned to Egypt.

To register call: (02) 243871, 5 Schatz Street, Jerusalem

**Roujum ארז**

**NEUROGAR PAIN CLINIC**

Developed by Hadasah Hospital. Operated by a highly qualified medical staff.

Treatment by TENS and Chinese Acupuncture of low-back pain, tension and migraine headaches, chronic and acute muscle pains, etc.

Details: Tel. (02) 689443, 67 Ramban St., REHAVIA, JERUSALEM

**holander**

Jerusalem apartments Ltd.

Jerusalem, 50 Ben Maimon St. Tel. 665310

- Quality flats in Rehavia-Talbieh Beit Hakerem.
- Townhouses in Baka.
- New Flats in Kiviat Shmuel and Ma'lot Daphna.

**Car Rentals**

**Adi** RENT A CAR LTD.

Pick-up and delivery at the customer's residence. EVERY 2ND DAY FREE

106 Huzakim St. (opp. Bank Hotel), Tel. (03) 224996 & 228911

**Gan-Car Ltd.**

car rental

16 HERZL ST., Bnei Brak TEL. (03) 708801

**EIN HEMED CAMPING**

Bungalows  
Lawns for private tents  
Hot water all day and bathroom facilities  
Restaurant, grocery and supply shop  
Only \$5/night

RESERVATIONS: Tel. (02) 529100, Moshav Beit Nikufa, Post Judean Hills

**TONIA BIER**

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

8 Karen Kayemeth St., Rehavia, Jerusalem Tel. 639784, 669821

FLATS, PLOTS, HOUSES & SHOPS

**STEAM YOUR TROUBLES AWAY.**

**TURKISH BATH**

- Sauna
- Massage
- Sunbathing
- Turkish Bath
- Swimming Pools
- Cosmetic Treatment
- Hydro-massage
- Reducing Salon
- Rest Room
- Snack Bar

THE BATHS ARE OPEN: Mon, Sun, Tue, Thurs. 11 am - 11 pm, Fri. 10 am - 3 pm, Sat. 10 am - 3 pm, Women: Mon & Wed. 11 am - 11 pm

36 Yehoshua St., Jerusalem, Buses 2, 4, 8, 11, 15, 25, 27. Tel. (02) 287642, 281160, 288981

# This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide

**TOUR VA'ALEH**

WE ARE A PERSON TO PERSON SERVICE

Sometimes or another you have thought about settling in ISRAEL. You have wondered if your future might not be here, with your own people.

TOUR VA'ALEH exists specially for you: To help you investigate settlement possibilities. To help you decide.

Whether your question is to do with Housing, Immigration, Investment, Business, Employment, Education or anything else about ISRAEL, come in and inquire at TOUR VA'ALEH.

We, a group of experts on all aspects of immigration, are not a feeless, anonymous organization. We work on the spot, with friendliness and discretion. It is always a pleasure for us to meet people interested in ISRAEL. Come and see for yourself. We speak your language.

Area Offices:  
TEL AVIV: 12 Kaplan Street, Tel. 03-258311  
HAIFA: 124 Hanezal Boulevard, Tel. 04-835853  
JERUSALEM: 8 Ben Yehuda St., Tel. 02-639221

**Beauty Institute**

100% Guaranteed Electrolysis, Facial Treatment, Peeling, Pedicure and Wax.

Tel. (03) 292594, 11 Bograshov St., (nr. Ben Yehuda) 1st fl.

**HOUSE OF ART**

Leading Israel & International Painters

18th, 19th, 20th Century Antiques

40 Goula St. (cor. 52 Allenby Rd.) Tel. 03-57262/3

Open daily 10 am - 1 pm, 5 - 8 pm

**KLAINMAN & AYBES**

Jeweller and setter

Designers and manufacturers of handmade, modern style jewellery.

Diamond settings too. Large selection of quality watches, including excellent quartz watches. Diamonds sold at factory prices.

71 Allenby Rd., T.A. Tel. 298213/292543. Listed by the Ministry of Tourism

**NA'AMAT**

Pioneer Women Tourist Department

Morning Tours

Call for reservations: Tel Aviv: Histadrut Headquarters, 93 Arlozorov St., Tel. (03) 256096, 281111 ext. 841, Jerusalem: 17 Straus St., Tel. (02) 221631, Haifa: Tel. (04) 641781 ext. 241

See the inspiring work of Pioneer Women in Social Service Institutions throughout Israel

**ATELIER GALBRY 27**

27 Mapu St. (cor. Dov Hoz) Tel. (03) 255889

10 am - 1 pm, 5 - 8 pm; Sat. 7 - 11 pm

Israel & International Artists, San Paolo - Paris - Tel Aviv

**MANILA**

Exquisite works from the Far East

33 King George Street, Tel. (02) 228298

**SPECIAL GROUP ORDERS**

14 BEN HILLEL ST. - AND AT THE CENTRAL BUS STATION NEXT DOOR TO SHEKEM LORDB

LARGEST SELECTION OF PRINTED SHIRTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

KITSCH - TEL. 02-914140

**BARUCH KAINER**

REAL ESTATE

Plots for sale, key money & rental SHOPS - INVESTMENTS - PLOTS OFFICES - HOUSES - VILLAS

65 Ben Yehuda St., Tel. (03) 223759, 9 am - 12 noon

**MEDICAL HOUSE CALLS**

Private 24-Hour Service for Central and North Tel Aviv

**AMERICAN INTERNAL MEDICINE CLINIC**

Telephone 428802. If not in, or busy, call our Radio Paging Service, Telephone 288829 and ask for number 423.

**SARA KISHON**

GALLERY

Original paintings by Israeli artists

Open daily 10 am - 1 pm, 5 - 8 pm, 31 Eng. St., Tel. (03) 225069

**GOLD COINS**

Horat Weizman set 13,000  
Bank of Israel 25,000  
Bank of Israel proof 6,000  
Victory 17,000  
Jerusalem 10,000  
Shalom 8,500  
Freedom 9,000  
26th Anniversary set 15,000  
Ben Gurion 8,000  
Benim 500 8,000  
30th Anniversary 9,000

Reported by Israel Metals & Coins Gallery, 4 Maza St., corner of 79 Allenby Road., Tel Aviv, Tel. 281203

**BELTONE**

HEARING AIDS

Same International Warranty as in the USA. Available at BEPEX LTD., 8 Orlanov St., Tel Aviv

Open Sun-Wed. 9.30 am - 3.00 pm, Thu-Fri. 9.30 am - 1.00 pm, Sat. 9.30 am - 1.00 pm. Compare our LOW prices.

Say you saw it in - THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL

The perfume, that made the ancient bottle come alive...



**Bat-Sheba** perfume by **JUDITH MULLER**  
 ATTENTION TOURISTS!  
 When in Haifa STOP for a minute!  
 All Judith Muller Perfume products available at our showroom:  
 54 Disraeli Street, Mt. Carmel, (100 m. from Hotel Shulamit)  
 at 15% discount - off duty-free prices.  
 If required, posting possible at no extra charge.

You will find a great selection at **simcha avraham**  
 The large producer and exporter of copperware, home decorations, lamps, Chanukah menorahs and candlesticks in an antique style.  
 On the Haifa-Tel Aviv Rd., Kfar Shmaryahu - Accadia Junction, below the bridge.  
 Open 9 am - 1 pm; 2-7 pm.  
 Jaffa factory: Tel. (03) 831337  
 Herzlia: Tel. (03) 932902  
 Public Auction every Saturday evening at 8.30 pm.

**MIGNANI** MIGNANI SHOES  
 EXCLUSIVE SHOPS  
 for shoes, handbags, wallets, luggage, belts and varied leather goods  
 Agents for Alexander's shoes of Italian style and quality  
 138 Dizengoff St., Tel Aviv  
 Bags - Tel. 224632 \* Shoes - 226662  
 Mignani Shoes are also available in:  
 Netanya - 5' Herzl St  
 Ramat Gan - 19 Blukh St.

The leading Tourist Guide

WHEN AHARON ZVI PROPEZ died in January 1978, there were fears for the future of the Zimriya choir festival and the International Harp Contest, both of which had remained under his direction since he initiated them, the former in 1952, the latter in 1959. He had recently relinquished responsibility for another of the many events his fertile brain contributed to Israel's cultural scene, the Israel Festival, but the problem of maintaining the other two at the standard Propes had achieved was a daunting one. The search for a new director for the two events had to be started immediately, for the biennial choir festival and the triennial harp contest were both due to be mounted this summer.

The choice fell on Yerach Aharon, and to judge by the results so far, it was a good one. There were so many applications for the 11th Zimriya, which took place in July, that many of them had to be rejected. Of the 40 choirs - Jewish and non-Jewish - from abroad, only 21 could be invited, with a matching number from Israel itself plus another four that participated in workshops.

About 1,000 singers came from 10 different countries (including the U.S., Australia and South Africa), and there were about double that number of Israelis. Most of the foreign guests stayed either at Beit Baril or in Kfar Sava, where the multiplicity put their new cultural centre at the disposal of the Zimriya. This certainly contributed greatly to the success of the event.

In addition to the grand opening and closing concerts in Jerusalem and Kfar Sava, there were many choir appearances in kibbutzim and development towns, and five workshops were held under the direction of the two conductors, Avner Itai and Stanley Sperber.

Of the budget of IL5m., 60 per cent was paid by the participants, 20 per cent came from donations, and only 20 per cent was contributed by the government. While the latter has honoured the memory of Aharon Propes by attaching his name to the Zimriya - as well as to the Israel Festival and the harp contest - it would perhaps be a more worthy tribute to ensure its financial viability in a more practical way.



Members of the choir of the Vienna Academy at this year's Zimriya Festival.

# Contest on a shoestring

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

and lodging, as well as a few instruments. But if it is difficult for competing pianists to have to perform on an unfamiliar instrument, it is even worse for a harpist. A harp is extremely sensitive and difficult to handle in touch, pedal reaction, tuning, and the other characteristics, which make life a nightmare for the people who choose this as their instrument.

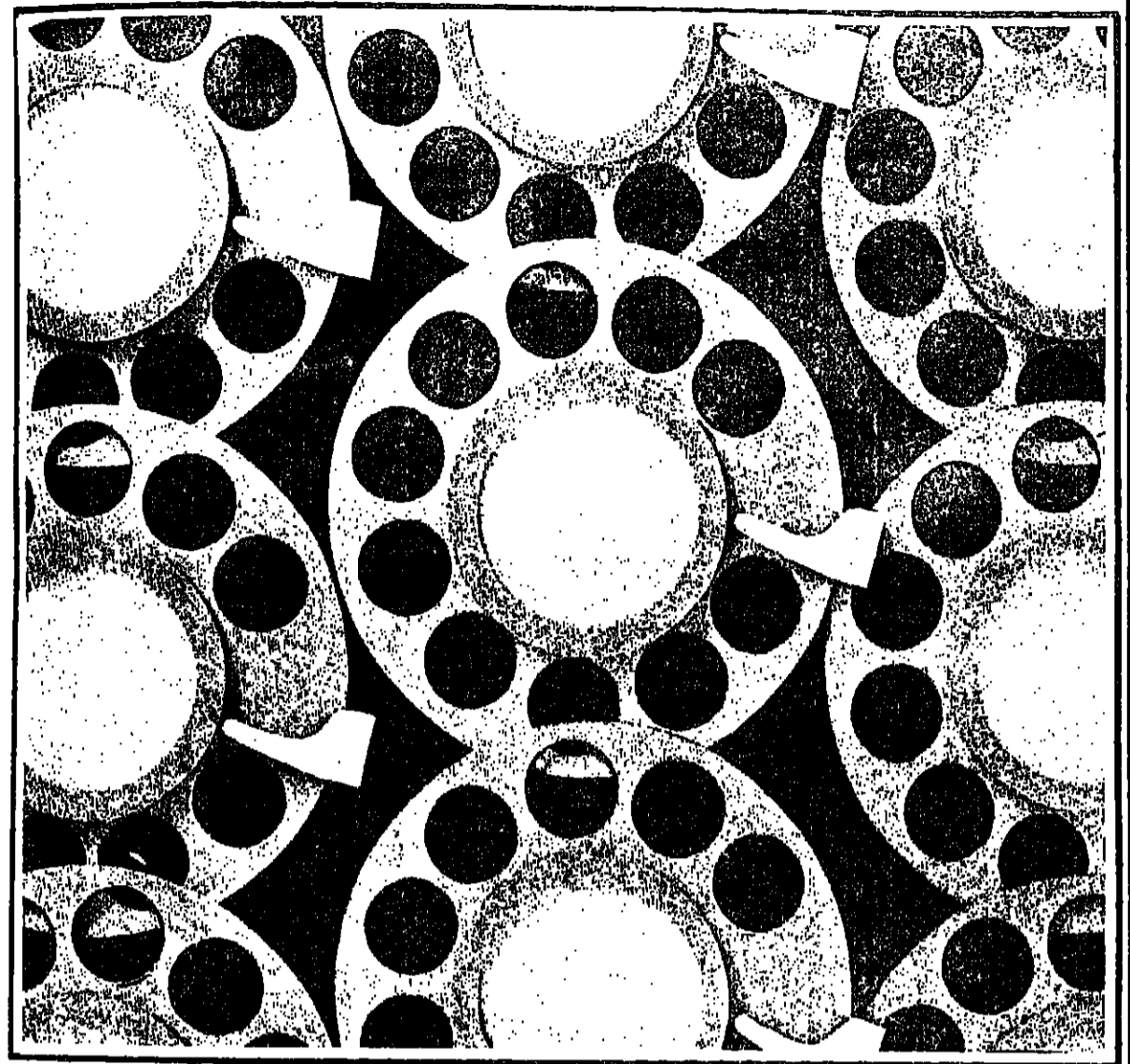
Cancellations and serious screening whittled the number of contestants down to 40 plus (the final number is not yet available) and they come from 13 countries including several in Europe, the U.S., Canada, Brazil, Japan and South Korea.

The 17 judges from nine countries, representing the cream of the harp world, will face endless hours of listening to often repetitious repertoires in order to choose 20 entries for the second round and six for the third and final round. The first three winners will perform at a special closing concert at the Jerusalem Theatre on September 18, when diplomas and certificates will be distributed to participants. All the sessions at the YMCA will be open to the public.

YERACH AHARON is having trouble making ends meet on a shoestring budget, for which he only gets a government contribution of one-third. But his problems are not exclusively financial: he is having difficulty finding six musicians for the final round, when compositions by Ravel and Noam Sheriff requiring the assistance of four string players and a flute and a clarinet have to be performed - the Israel Philharmonic has gone abroad, the Jerusalem Symphony is too busy to release players, and he cannot afford the exorbitant fees demanded by the few free-lancers available.

But Mr. Aharon has a remarkable flair for coping with difficulties, and he can be trusted to surmount this hurdle satisfactorily. □

# Telecomplications



AN ISRAELI citizen travelling abroad feels badly out of touch with the homeland. Once in a while he may see a map of Sinai flashing for a second on the telly, receive a hand-me-down Israeli magazine, or a letter from home to say they'll write more next time. That's all.

Of course, there's still the telephone. Very handy, very useful instrument, nothing like it for establishing immediate contact with a man's family, have them right there - close, intimate, infinitely dear.

Dear is right: a call from somewhere like New York City costs a man eight solid dollars for every minute of conversation.

Oh, oh, what the hell!

The Israeli abroad takes a deep breath, picks up the receiver in his bare little hotel-room and dials 089723 with a steady finger. Beep-beep-beep, goes the tried and true instrument, beep-beep-beep. I'll just discuss the really burning issues with my wife - I prime myself - or this phone-call will eat up my whole foreign currency allowance. Everything all right at home? Kids okay? Good. I'm fine, dear, yes I'll get home as soon as I can, don't pay the property tax yet, there's time. Kiss-kiss, that's it. Three minutes at most, short and sweet...

Oops!

"HALLO," a familiar small voice pipes up on the other side of the ocean, "who is it?"

It's my little girl Renana. A warm glow fills my heart.

"Hallo, sweetie!" I yell into the receiver. "How are you?"

"Who is it?" says Renana. "Hallo."

"This is Daddy."

"What?"

"Daddy, this is Daddy here. Is Mummy home?"

"Who's that there?"

"Daddy!"

"My Daddy?"

"Yes, this is your Daddy here! Get Mummy, darling."

"Wait a minute...Daddy, listen Daddy..."

"Yes!"

"How are you?"

"Fine, just fine. Where's Mummy?"

"You're in America now, you're in America, right?"

"Yes, got to hurry though..."

"Do you want to talk to Amir?"

I can't say no or I'll hurt his feelings.

"All right, but hurry! So long, sweetie."

"What?"

"So long, I said."

"Who is it?"

"Put Amir on!"

"So long, Daddy."

"So long, sweetie, so long."

"What?"

"Put Amir on, dammit!"

"Amir where are you? Daddy wants you, Amir! Amee-ee-er!"

THAT'S SEVEN fat minutes gone. They shouldn't allow children near these instruments. Where's that idiot boy? Amee-ee-er!

"Hallo, Daddy?"

"Yes, my boy, how are you?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"Fine. Everything all right, Amir?"

"Yes."

"Splendid."

A brief silence. We've gone over everything, I believe.

"Daddy!"

"Yes."

"Renana wants to talk to you."

"What?"

"Daddy, this is Daddy here. Is I PICTURE a sort of taxi-meter, only bigger, and with alarming figures running amok inside. Click - IL360 - click - IL396 - click - IL482 - click..."

"Daddy, listen Daddy..."

"Yes!"

"Yesterday...yesterday..."

"Yesterday what?"

"Yesterday... wait a minute! Amir, let me talk to Daddy! Daddy, Amir's pushing me."

"Get Mummy quick."

"What?"

"I want Mummy!"

"Wait a minute... Yesterday..."

"Yes!"

"Yesterday...yesterday... you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you. Yesterday. What happened yesterday, what happened, yesterday, what happened?"

"Yesterday Moshik didn't come to kindergarten."

"WHERE'S MUMMY?"

"What?"

"M-u-m-m-y!"

"Mummy isn't home. Daddy, listen Daddy..."

"Yeah, what?"

"Do you want to talk to Amir?"

"No, never mind! Bye-bye, sweetie!"

"Who?"

"K-i-s-s!"

"Yesterday..."

At this point the connection is suddenly broken. Maybe I touched the cradle or something. My eyes are glazed, my heart bleeds, my blood curdles. The blasted instrument tinkles merrily - the operator's well-bred voice: "That'll be 166 dollars and 70 cents, Mr. Kitchen. □"

Translated by Miriam Arad.

(During Kishon's absence abroad, we are reprinting some of his "classics.")

**AU BISTROT**  
 The restaurant with a family atmosphere  
 Service by the Ram Cooper family who offer you  
**FISH & FRUIT OF THE RED SEA MEAT, VEGETARIAN & NATURAL FOODS HOMEMADE**  
 Eilat, Eilat St., Bistrot Center  
 Tel. (059) 4333  
 Free parking. Credit cards accepted  
 Open 1-3 pm & 6 pm-midnight  
 Listed by the Ministry of Tourism

**PICADILLY PUB**  
 DRAUGHT BEER, COCKTAILS, LOBSTER DELICATESSE, SNACKS REASONABLE PRICES  
 NEAL ENGLISH PUB ATMOSPHERE  
 The Quietest Exclusive Bar  
 Your Host: MOTI  
 New Tourist Center  
 Eilat. Tel. 059-6425

**AQUA-SPORT**  
 INTERNATIONAL RED SEA DIVING CENTER LTD.  
 Coral Beach POB 300 Eilat  
 \*Hire-masks, fins & snorkels  
 \*Daily dives at 9 am & 2 pm  
 \*Diving courses every Monday  
 \*Introductory dives  
 \*Camping Diving Safari every Tuesday  
 \*Portable diesel compressors  
 \*Diving Cruises  
 Tel. 059-2788

**CASABLAN** restaurant  
 Rich choice of Continental & French food  
 Sea food & FRESH OYSTERS  
 stuffed pigeons & Spring chicken  
 All Credit Cards Accepted  
 At the Delek Gas Station, 500m. north to Eilat on the Arava Rd.  
 Tel. 059-6070  
 Open 7 days a week, Noon to Midnight

A new addition to the international chain  
**Pizzeria Rimini**  
 Eilat's Italian Restaurant  
 Managed by Maurizio  
 All kinds of Pizza  
 Cappeloni, Lasagne, Ravioli, Spagnetti & More Italian Specialties.  
 Argentinian meat, Cappeloni-Milic bar and ice-cream treats.  
 Relax with a beautiful view!  
 New Tourist Center, Tel. (059) 6060 Eilat

FAMOUS FOR 22 YEARS  
**YOSKE THE FISHES**  
 THE FIRST RESTAURANT IN EILAT  
 FISH & SEAFOOD CAUGHT DAILY IN THE RED SEA  
 EILAT, NEW TOURIST CENTER  
 TEL. (059) 2719

**RED SEA DIVE'S**  
 COMPLETE DIVING SERVICES FOR ENTIRE RED SEA...  
 \* DIVING COURSES  
 \* BOAT DIVING  
 \* DIVING SAFARIS  
 \* SPECIAL PACKAGES INCLUDING FLIGHTS & ACCOMMODATIONS  
 RED SEA DIVERS:  
 Main Office: El Al Bldg. Room 508  
 Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 251155, 295529  
 Eilat Center: Caravan Hotel,  
 Tel. (059) 2776, 3192  
 Sharm El Sheikh, Ne'ama Bay,  
 Tel. (057) 99295

**ZICHRON YAAKOV**  
 HOTEL RESTAURANT  
**Beit Maimon**  
 A beautiful setting in one of the beauty spots of the country.  
 Enjoy a home-like kosher meal in our lovely restaurant overlooking the sea. Or a light snack in the cafe or dairy bar.  
 4 Zahal St.  
 Tel. 059-98228  
 Zichron Ya'acov

A two star paradise for you at Eilat on the Red Sea  
**BET HOTEL EILAT**  
 \* Delightful rooms  
 \* Private balcony & bath in every room  
 \* Air conditioning throughout  
 \* Continental Restaurant  
 Reservations  
 Tel. 059-8121-4

**TIBERIAS**  
**Duo's Cantina**  
 WHOLESOME NATURAL FOOD  
 Open for Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner  
 On the sea shore  
 Tel. (057) 20773

SAY YOU SAW IT IN THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL

# Charter No. 1

**First to America**  
Tel Aviv — New York —  
Tel Aviv

Continuing our flights to the U.S.A. on  
Pan American's Boeing 707's.

During September and October

Price from **\$639**

### Departures:

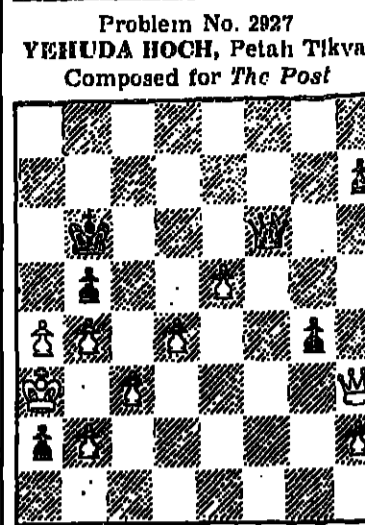
Sept. 11	Oct. 3
Sept. 19	Oct. 10
Sept. 26	Oct. 17

Bookings at all travel agents!  
\* Subject to government approval

Organization **Maof Tours** 54 Rehov Bograshov  
and Implementation: **Ltd.** Tel. 296174  
Telex: 341747

### CHESS

#### Ellahu Shahaf



White to play and draw (0+0)  
**ONCE AGAIN** we are pleased to present an original contribution by Yehuda Hoch, one of Israel's foremost endgame composers.  
SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 2926 (Schonholzer). 1.Qf6! changing the set pieces to the knights moves. Elegant construction.  
**THE SOVIET OLYMPIAD**  
THE SEVENTH summer Sparnikiad saw the participation of world champions Anatoly Karpov and Maya Chiburdanidze, former world champions and a score of international grandmasters. The event was won by the Ukraine (led by Oleg Romanishin) with 26 points out of a possible 48. Moscow scored 28½ points. The sensation of the event was the defeat of world champion Anatoly Karpov

at the hands of national master Igor Ivanov of Uzbekistan. Here is the intriguing game.  
Sicilian Defence

**I. IVANOV** A. KARPOV  
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 c6 3.d4 cd 4.Nd4 a8  
5.Nc3 b5 6.Bd3 Bb7 7.0-0 Nc7 8.Kf1  
Nbc6 9.Nc6 Nc5 10.Qd4 h5 11.Qe2  
Ne5 12.f4 Ng4 13.Rf3 Qh4 14.h3 Be6  
15.Bd2 g6 16.Raf1 Qe7 17.f3 f6  
18.Re1 Qf8 19.b4 Bd4 20.n4 Re8  
21.Nd1 Qf6 22.c3 Ba7 23.ab ab 24.e  
gf 25.Bb5 Bf3 26.Qf3 Re7 27.c4 Bd4  
28.Qd5 Kd8 29.Qd8 Nf2 30.Nf2 Bf2  
31.Be3 Be3 32.Re3 Qe7 33.Qd2 Ke8  
(Black is faced with growing difficulties. Possibly the world champion did not fancy the line

world champion played good chess and scored several remarkable victories, such as the following one.  
Centre Counter Defence

**A. KARPOV** A. LUTIKOV  
1.e4 d5 2.cd Qd5 3.Nc3 Qd6 4.d4  
Nf6 5.Nf3 a6 6.f3 Nc6 7.Qd2 Bg4  
8.Ng5 e5 9.d5 Nb4 10.f3 Bf5 11.Ng4  
Bd4 15.Nc4 Nc6 16.Nf6 gf 17.Bd3 0-0  
18.Rhd1 Ke7 19.c5 h5 20.Bf6  
Rd2 21.Rd2 Nb6 22.n4 Bh6 23.Bh6  
Rh6 24.n4 Rh6 25.b4 b6 26.b6 Rg8  
27.Ke2 ab 28.ab Re8 29.c4. Black resigns. A rare case of a complete Zugzwang at such an early stage.

**WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION**  
MAYA Chiburdanidze required only 21 moves to down USSR champion Lidia Semyonova.

**ISRAEL IN THE CHESS OLYMPIADS** by Moshe Czerniak. Tel Aviv, Rotom, 188 pp. Price not indicated.  
THIS BOOK, the 10th by the international chess master, Moshe Czerniak, is a history of Israel's participation in the chess olympics, starting with Warsaw in 1935 until the present. (Chess olympiads started in 1927.)  
In the table of team results, for example, the reader will find the complete results Israel achieved in games played against teams in the 16 olympiads in which it took part.  
The tables of individual results makes it possible to follow the fortunes of every player who has represented Israel on the most prestigious boards of the chess world. □  
Ellahu Shahaf

**KARPOV'S SCORE** (4½-7, W.3, D.3, L.1) was not enough to top that of the first board players (the best individual result on the upper board was scored by Georgia's Tamas Georgadze with 5½ — 8). Apart from the loss to Ivanov, the

### WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at \$1.00 per line including VAT; insertion every day costs \$1.00 including VAT; per month copy accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and all recognized advertising agents.

**Jerusalem CONDUCTED TOURS**  
Tourists and Visitors come and see the General Israel Open House for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-11 Bus No. 6 Kiryat Moshe. Tel. 32291.  
**Hadassah Tours**  
1. Monthly Centre in Kiryat Hadassah. Tours in English at 9, 10, 11 a.m. and 12 noon, leaving from the Kennedy Building. Tour includes Chagall Windows. No charge. On Friday tours begin at 8 a.m. by appointment only. Tel. 40333.  
2. The Hadassah Synagogue - Chagall Windows - open to the public from 1.30 to 4.00 p.m. Sunday-Thursday. Buses 19 and 21.  
3. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours from 8.30 to 12.30 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 28. Tel. 23111.  
4. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects. \$5 per person towards transportation. By reservation only. Tel. 419333.  
**Evolutionary**, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Great Ram Campus, Buses 9 and 28. Mount Scopus tours 11.00 a.m. from the Reception Centre Administration Building. Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 29219.  
**Ensemble National Religious Women's Organisation**, Tourist Centre, 26 Rehov Ben Maimon. Tel. 02-589488, 03-0620, 811088.  
**American Miraschi Women**, Free Morning Tours - 126 Kiryat Haref, 5000795, Jerusalem. Tel. 227788.  
**MISCELLANEOUS**  
"Plant a tree with your own hands" with the Jewish National Fund and visit the famous Shalichit Cave every Sunday morning. For details and reservations please call: 02-535281, ext. 15 or 03-234448.  
**Haifa What's On in Haifa**, dial 640640.  
**Roshov**  
The Weizmann Institute open to public from 8.00 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. Visitors invited to see film on Institute's research activities, shown regularly at 11.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. Friday 11.00 a.m. only.  
Tours of the Weizmann House every half hour from 9.00 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. and until noon on Friday. Nominal fee for admission to Weizmann House.  
For Tours of the House please book: Tel. 03-52330, 03-43322.

### ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at \$1.00 per line including VAT; insertion every day costs \$1.00 including VAT; per month copy accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and all recognized advertising agents.

**Jerusalem MUSEUMS**  
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Valerio Adamy paintings. One-man exhibition of large "Savignac" 1932-1939. One of Italy's best known contemporary painters. Opening in artist's presence (Goldman Schwartz Gallery 101).  
Coins of the Procurators of Judea. Gift in honour of Mrs. Marjorie E. Smith of Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, USA. Turner and the Bible. Prints and watercolours made by Turner of the Holy Land and its surroundings. Colour at the Youth Wing. Colour in quilts and uses both by artists and in everyday life. Artistic corners for children (Ruth Youth Wing). New Buildings in Old Environments. Combination of contemporary European architecture with old urban surroundings. Courtesy of the Institute, Tel Aviv, and sponsored by Shiff Hotels, Israel. Selections from the Department of Art Photography, including David Hill, Julia Cameron, Gaupard, Nadar, Gertrud Oascher, Alfred Stieglitz, George Seurat, Man Ray, Brant, Manuel Alvarez-Bravero, Lucien Clergue and others. Exhibit of the Month: The Smiling God. Bronze statuette of a Canaanite deity, gift of Mrs. Leon Bronsraen, New York. Two bronze statues, a smiling god and a goddess from the Canaanite pantheon (Dr. Reuben Hersh Collection, Haifa). Statue of an Ibis, enclosing the mummy of the sacred bird. Egypt. 3rd century B.C.E. wood and bronze. Presented by Mr. Auwar Sadat, President of Egypt, to Prof. Yigael Yadin. Deputy Prime Minister of Israel, on his recent visit to Egypt. Exhibition: Arts in Palestine in the 18th Century. Made possible through a grant from the Dan Hotels Corporation: From Still Life to Object. Different attitudes to the object, from 17th century Dutch painting to the present day; Yocheved Weinfeld: Forms of Visual Images. One-woman exhibition. Neo-Illustrations from Shaar Hagolan. Special Display: Four paintings by Van Dyck. Islamic Arts. Israel Museum collections. Etching in memory of Madeleine and Joseph Nash. Rockefeller Museum - Exhibit of the Month: "War and Peace," head of Janus on a lump of bronze; 23rd century B.C.E. Special Exhibition: Islamic Arts. Israel Museum collections. Man Ray, Brant, Manuel Alvarez-Bravo, Lucien Clergue and others. Exhibit of the Month: The Smiling God. Bronze statuette

### Tel Aviv

**Tel Aviv Museum, Sderot Shaul Hamelech** Exhibitions: Maryan 1927-1977. Retrospective. David Hockney - The Blue Guitar. Stiehings 1976/77. New Acquisitions. 20th century painting, sculpture, drawing. Israel Photography. Work by pupils of the Museum workshops. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion - "There is something in it, after all" - exhibition-workshop on buildings in Tel Aviv. Visiting hours: Sun. - Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Sat. 7-11 a.m. Sat. morning, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. FRIGER, Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: Sun. - Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m. Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat. closed.  
**Beth Hatefutsot**, Temporary Exhibitions Gallery: "Image Before My Eyes," photographic display of Jewish life in Poland (1884-1939). In conjunction with exhibition: Slide show by well known photographer, Roman Vlahnuk, "The Life That Disappeared" (Jewish life in Poland 1938-1939). To be shown daily in Bnai Zion auditorium. Presentation hours posted daily in main lobby. Slide show narration in English. Special Exhibition: "Jews in Egypt" - Spring 70. Photographs by Micha Bar-Am.  
Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Thur., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tue., Wed., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Fri. closed. Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Saturday may be purchased during week at Hadran ticket agency, The Oviva St. (Tel Aviv) and at Beth Hatefutsot. Children under 6 not admitted. Organized tours must be pre-arranged (Tel. 03-426101). Beth Hatefutsot is located on the Tel Aviv University campus (gate 21, Klausner St., Klamer Aviv, Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 48, 74, 79, 572  
The Israel Wax Museum exhibits the most stirring moments of the rebirth of Israel in the past 400 years.  
The Shalom Observatory - A breathtaking view from 400 feet up. Both at Shalom Mayor Tower, Tel Aviv. Tel. 07304.  
**Haifa**  
Haifa Museum, - National Maritime, Tel. 350222. Illegal Immigration, Tel. 352849. Japanese Art, Tel. 35954. Manu Kala, Tel. 35482. Dragon Grain Collection, Tel. 464221. Music, Tel. 54458. Artists' House, Tel. 522326.  
**GALLERY TALK**  
At the Maryan exhibition, by Ahuva Israel. Monday, August 20, 1978, at 8.00 p.m.  
"Those Wonderful Men with the Handle" - Israel premiere of comic film by Czech director, Jiri Menzel. Straight from this year's Cannes Festival, Saturday evening, 7.30, 9.30, Weekdays, 1.30, 7.15, 9.30  
The Weston Gun, special screenings of Ian Moshenson's film on childhood and adolescence in Tel Aviv of the 60's. Sunday-Friday at 11.00 a.m.  
Afternoon Adventure at the Museum returns after the summer vacation. Toys for Reflection and works by children. From 4-6 p.m. Wednesday, September 5, "Excitement," grades Daled-Vav; Thursday, September 6, "Excitement," grades Aleph-Gimmel. Registration and advance payment at the Guidance Service Secretariat. Monthly subscription available.  
**Helena Rubinstein Pavilion**, 6 Rehov Taraat  
Visiting hours: Sun. - Thur. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.; 5 - 7 p.m. Fri. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. Sat. night - closed. From Aug. 11, the Pavilion will be open on Saturdays (entrance free) 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.  
"There is something in it after all!"  
Exhibition-workshop on Tel Aviv building. During the exhibition: instruction and creative workshop activity for 5 - 18 years olds. Organized groups should phone 298780 to arrange the date of their visit. On Saturdays, guided tours, 10.30 a.m. - 12 noon (instead of workshop activity).  
Weapons may not be brought into the Museum, and there are no facilities for storing them.

## THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

**Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamelech**  
Visiting hours: Sun. - Thur. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.; Sat. 7 - 11 p.m. Sat. morning the Museum is open to the public, 10 a.m. - 1 p.m., entrance free.  
**Helena Rubinstein Library**: Sun., Mon., Wed. 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.; Tue., Thur., 10 a.m. - 1 p.m., 4 - 8 p.m. Fri. closed.  
Exhibitions - Tel Aviv Museum  
Maryan, 1927 - 1977, Retrospective Exhibition  
David Hockney - The Blue Guitar  
New Acquisitions  
Selection of Twentieth Century Paintings, Sculpture and Drawings  
Israel Photography: 1978 Acquisitions.

## POPPO

Israel film archive - jerusalem  
24.9 14.00 Peeping Toms  
- Uri Zohar  
24.9 19.30 High Anxiety  
- Mel Brooks  
21.30 Family Plot  
- Alfred Hitchcock  
21.8 18.00 39 Steps  
- Alfred Hitchcock  
21.30 Dirty Harry  
- Don Siegel  
20.8 19.00 Les Vacances de M. Hulot  
- Jacques Tati  
21.30 Silent Movie  
- Mel Brooks  
30.5 19.00 The Vampire's Ball  
- Roman Polanski  
21.30 The Man Who Fell to Earth  
- Nicolas Roeg

## BALLET STUDIO

Klara Landau-Bondy  
Jerusalem  
**CLASSICAL**  
and  
**JAZZ BALLET**  
Registration from August 27, 1978, 4-6 p.m. at the Arlosoroff School.  
Particulars:  
Tel. 02-223104, mornings.

**Spanish Course**  
for beginners and intermediates  
at Z.O.A. House, 1 Rehov Daniel Frisch,  
Tel Aviv  
The course will start on Sept. 18.  
Registration: Sept. 4 and Sept. 11, 5-7 p.m.  
Additional details from Tel. 082-28518, 472461, 951658.

## AEROSOL

INHALATION APPARATUS  
AGAINST ASTHMA  
**OXYGEN SERVICE**  
ELECTROSIGNAL  
TEL - AVIV 42, GEULA ST. TEL. 57614

## MAGDA

Dental Depot  
Urgent false teeth repairs in ¼ hour.  
25% reduction for pensioners.  
27 Rehov Balfour, Tel Aviv.

## This Week in Israel - The leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The leading To

NETANYA	NETANYA	HAIFA	HAIFA	HAIFA
---------	---------	-------	-------	-------

**artistic dancing horses!**  
All at The BLUE BAY Netanya  
• Coffee Gallery featuring famous Israeli artists  
• Nightly Dinner Dance only IL 309 per person  
• Horseback Riding  
present this ad for complimentary coffee/cake in our coffee gallery  
BLUE BAY HOTEL  
NETANYA  
053-37131

The Most Famous Chinese Restaurants in Haifa  
**PAGODA** CHIN LUNG  
OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER. AIR CONDITIONED  
1 Bar Galm Ave. Bat Galim, Haifa Tel. 524595  
126 Hanassa Ave. Central Carmel Haifa. Tel. 813308

**HERZLIA**  
TASTE OF SZE-CHUAN  
THE SZECHUAN CHINESE RESTAURANT  
AFAR SIDNRYAHI CENTER  
OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER  
RESERVATIONS: (03)930448

**BURNS ESTATES**  
KNOW US... YOU WILL!  
Satisfaction is our watchword.  
Estate Agency - The English way  
Purchasers FREE.  
Sellers till Dec. 1978 1% commission.  
Apartments Flats Land Commercial etc.  
Renting and Selling  
CONTACT US NOW!  
37 Nordau Street  
Haifa  
Tel. 04-842331

**VILLAGE STORE**  
SOUVENIRS, CERAMICS, GIFTS, TOYS

**SHOHAR GALLERY**  
ORIGINAL ART, GRAPHICS, OILS  
OPEN ALL DAY - EVERY DAY  
BET HERUT. TEL. AVIV-HAIFA HIGHWAY (8km North of Netanya)

**NOGA** HAIFA  
GOLD JEWELRY MANUFACTURING LTD.  
Workshop & showroom: 10 Zohar st.  
Kiryat Eliezer, Haifa, Tel. 04-523636  
Open: Daily 9:00-19:00  
Our name means quality

**ahmad's restaurant**  
On your way from Acos to Safed, stop in at  
at Delek Gas Station off Acos - Safed Rd.  
Oriental Arab Food & Meat Dishes  
Open 8.30 am - 11 pm

**London Pride**  
Private Members Club  
Tennis Welcome  
Open 11 am - 1.30 am  
Background Music  
The only one of its kind in Haifa  
84 Haimat Rd., Khayat Sq.  
(near Police Station). Tel. 663839

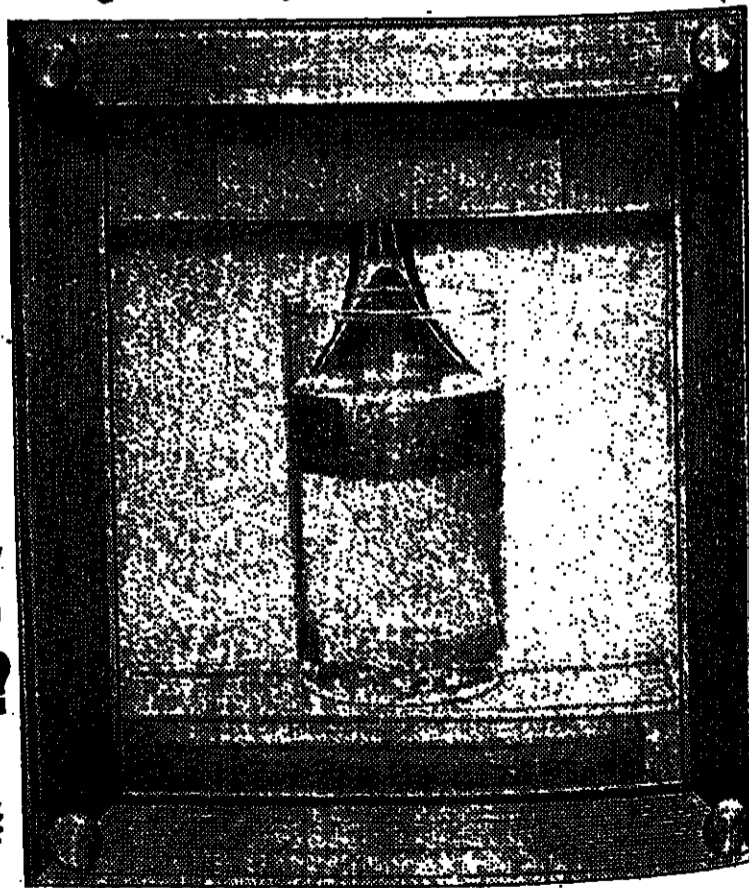
**Long SENG**  
CHINESE RESTAURANT  
Open daily for lunch and dinner  
Haikistadnet Blvd.  
Haifa Post  
Tel. (04) 721016

# MADE IN AMERICA? NO, AMCOR.



**ANOTHER AMCOR  
INNOVATION**

Sophisticated appliances are produced in America, and at Amcor. Like the Americans, at Amcor, we also think about saving electricity. So it's no surprise that people often think that the Amcor 2000 is an American refrigerator. But it's not. The name plate says "Amcor." With the Amcor COLD STREAM fridge, you can enjoy cold, clear water, without having to open the door. This keeps humidity out of the food compartment, and stops the entry of warm air — thus saving electricity.



**AMCOR 2000 WITH "COLD STREAM".  
WHY PAY AMERICAN PRICES?**

DISTRIBUTORS AMPA AND AUTHORISED DEALERS



# AMCOR THE FUTURE-FRIDGE

building cardboard mazes. Combining art and science, they first discussed the Greek myth of the Minotaur, then moved to a discussion of behavioural psychology and instinct in animals. Having built their mazes, they observed the behaviour of mice in the classic situation of finding their way from the starting point to the cheese in the middle.

The "classrooms" were in sharp contrast to the quality of learning taking place there: a rather ramshackle collection of "temporary" wooden and tin huts beside the museum.

INSIDE another hut, we found astronomer Natan Aris, himself the father of no less than three gifted children, conducting a group on "problems in science theory." Learning from their own experience, children were making model telescopes, periscopes, kaleidoscopes, cameras and binoculars. "We only discuss the general workings of each instrument and its purpose," said Aris. "We want the children to seek new ideas, not rely on documented information, and to find out for themselves the importance of precision."

Nearby, Benzl, a painter, was conducting a class in creativity. "We are concentrating here on the translation of thoughts in different ways, using different techniques and ways of expression. The emphasis is on experimentation, not *art par fait*," he said. Lino cuts, leaf prints, different kinds of roller printing and lithography are among the examples of work pinned to the walls of the hut.

For the youngest children attending the summer camp, six and seven year olds, the course is called "communication with myself" and is devoted to discussion, free drama, handicrafts and painting. On the final day, we found the group all kitted out in fancy dress they had made from old newspapers: there were "Haitian grass skirts," Superman outfits, and "knights in armour" with leggings and shields.

A group of eight and nine year olds, under the direction of Eli Lurie, spent their time studying ecological problems. They built a plaster planet, designed as a pollution-free environment, where everything was fuelled by solar energy. This exercise involved several disciplines, combining sociological, physical and artistic challenges and problems.

We came across another group, this time of teenagers, sitting cross-legged on one of the lawns, deep in intense discussion. This was the 11-14-year-old group who had been actively studying an underprivileged neighbourhood, visiting Neve Sharet both during the day and in the evening to look

into its problems, meeting juvenile criminals out on probation, talking to police and social workers, and even entering a local super-market and behaving in an unruly manner, in order to see the managers' reaction towards a group of supposed "delinquents."

They have discussed their own feelings on what is, and could be, done, and written reports that include their recommendations. For Erica Landau, this is an especially important experimental programme. "We know that many of our courses have helped to develop brilliant scientists and mathematicians. At the same time, our society badly needs good criminologists, social workers, future politicians, and we aim to broaden the children's outlook and spheres of interest," she says. At the closing day exhibition of projects, we found more examples of the camp's very varied activities: homemade "antique" decorative ceramics in Roman, Byzantine and Persian styles; a computer created by a 13-year-old technologist, with a push button question-and-answer electronic circuit; stained glass windows and environmental glass sculptures. Perhaps the most touching tribute of all for Erica Landau was a warm thank-you letter presented to her by the archaeology group — written entirely in ancient Hebrew script.

king of Tel Aviv nightlife, the owner of night clubs and the first chain of drugstores and Chinese restaurants in Israel, and the initiator of *Montita*, the local answer to *Playboy*, running a children's summer camp.

SHAULI himself finds nothing surprising about the situation at all. First of all, he says, the \$500,000 Caesarea project, of which "Mini Mandy's" is an offshoot, is in keeping with his philosophy of "making this a pleasanter country to live in." Secondly, he has plenty of able people to run his other interests, and he himself believes in "never doing the same thing twice," and so is constantly working on new projects. And thirdly — this in answer to my question about his qualifications for running a children's recreational project — he loves children, and is himself a devoted father.

As we all have lunch with the children — schnitzel, spaghetti and sweet corn — he proudly introduces his daughter Dana, now living in London with his ex-wife Sandy Rice-Davis-Shauli, and sending her summer holiday in Caesarea. Shauli is one of four partners in the Caesarea project. The others, Jonathan Zuchovitsky, Michael Libin and Menachem Atzmon, represent the interests of millionaire Shaul Eisenberg in the project, and are also shareholders in their own right.

Where "Mini-Mandy's" itself is concerned, the day-to-day running is more of a Shauli family matter. Rafi's mother is busy supervising behind-the-scenes, Mandy has lent her name, and his friend Dalia Hovers acts as project director and "the boss's eyes" when he is otherwise occupied.

To ensure smooth running of the summer camp, Hadassa Teomim, a veteran educationalist who has run her own summer camp in Kfar Shmaryahu for over 20 years, was called in to organize the "kaitana" and advise on its planning.

The 70 children attending each of the fortnightly sessions of "Mini-Mandy's" are organized into girls' and boys' groups, according to age, with two full time instructors attached to each group; the instructors all have experience with scouts, youth movements, or are teachers of sports and physical training.

WE ASK Rafi and Dalia to summarize the experience of running the first "Mini-Mandy's."

"We've had to adapt our menus to the children's conservative and very Israeli tastes," notes Rafi with a smile. "I have a chef here who could make them the finest gourmet sauces and soufflés, but the kids are happiest eating chips with everything, hamburgers, schnitzels and lots of finger foods."

"At this rate, they won't make very good future customers for our better restaurants. Once a week we bring over one of our Chinese chefs — he gives them a demonstration in making Chinese noodles, and prepares them a full meal. Here, too, we've had to adapt to junior tastes: what they like best is sweet and sour chicken, corn soup and rice — without too many little bits in it!"

Shauli plans to run the children's holiday camp again next Passover; by next summer he hopes to be able to use straw huts, which are to be built on an adjacent piece of land.

Has this summer's experiment — at IL600 per child, per day — been profitable? "You bet," he admits freely. "It's not hard, of course, when you already have all the physical facilities." He excuses himself: he has work to do, a lot of planning to put into action. And he is already dreaming, in the back of his mind, about the project-after-next: an Israeli Disneyland. □

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1979

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



## FREE FOR EVERY NEW GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION

Rosh Hashana is almost here, and so is gift giving time. So here is what we propose. Send a friend or relative over there a year's gift subscription to The Jerusalem Post International Edition and we'll send you a beautiful, large, multi-coloured facsimile reproduction of the world famous Christian Schrot Map of the Holyland 1584 by Abraham Ortelius (size 19in.x24in.). It's worth \$4.50. The Jerusalem Post International Edition is airmailed every week from Israel. Packed with news, views, features, photos and cartoons, it's an ideal way of keeping in touch.

## SEND A GIFT. RECEIVE A GIFT

You'll be remembered. Fifty two times a year. Complete the coupon and send it to us with your cheque.

THE JERUSALEM POST  
INTERNATIONAL EDITION P.O.B. 81, JERUSALEM

Please send The Jerusalem Post International Edition to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
My cheque for \_\_\_\_\_ (see rates below) is enclosed.

Please send a gift card to the recipient in my name and send me the FREE Map of the Holyland 1584.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

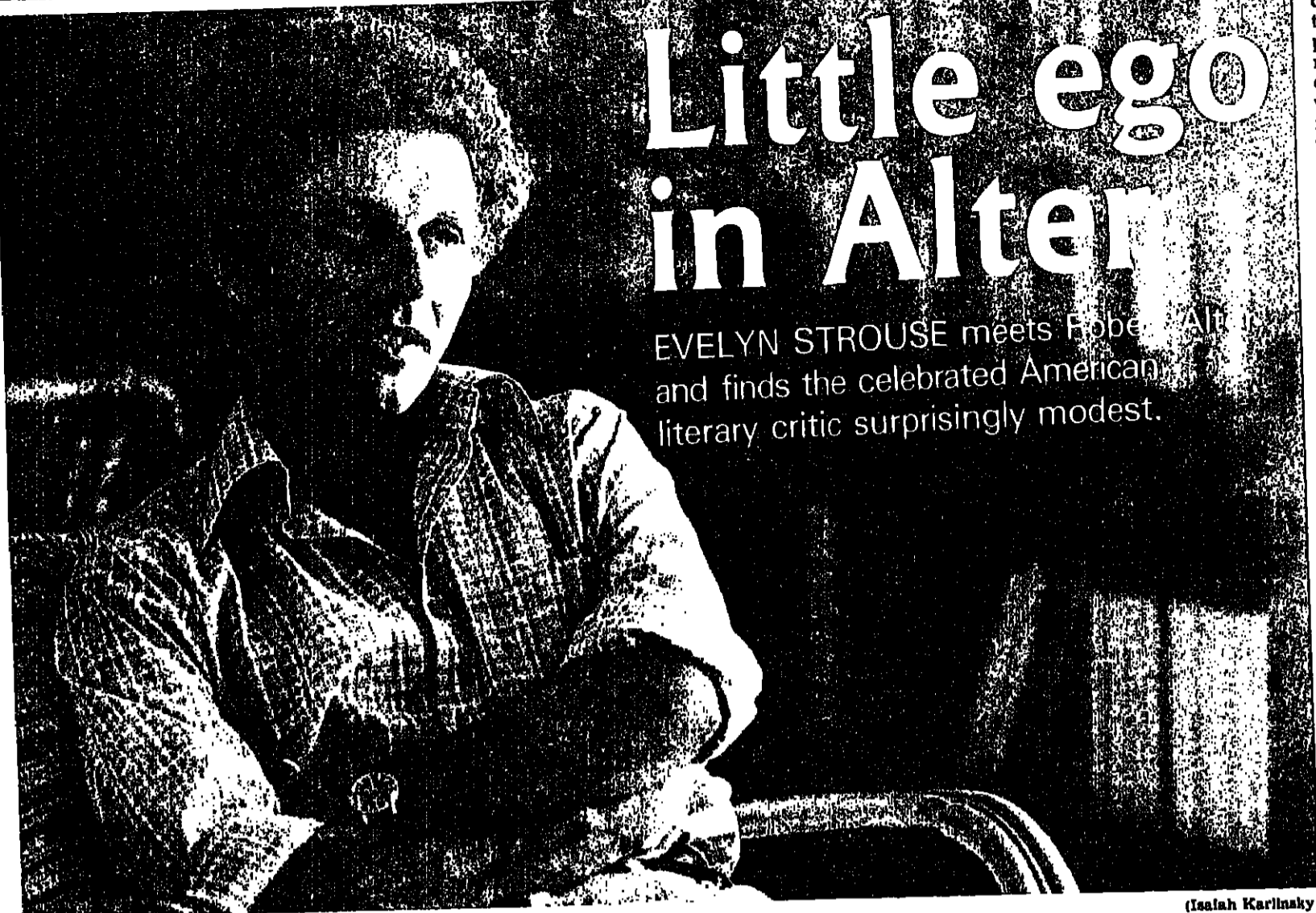
**AIRMAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

	1 YEAR
	62 issues
U.S.A., Canada, S. Africa	US\$30
U.K., Europe	US\$30
S. America, Japan, Australia	US\$35

Payment can be made in Israel Pounds at the rate of exchange on the day of payment, plus 12% VAT

# Little ego in Alter

EVERLYN STROUSE meets Robert Alter and finds the celebrated American literary critic surprisingly modest.



(Isaiah Karlinaky)

CHASING AROUND Yemin Moche with a pack of small boys who made the going look easy was a fair-haired five-year-old chattering in Hebrew. A few minutes later he erupted into the lobby of Mishkenot Shaananim, where Robert Alter and I had just begun to talk, and in clear American English asked if his mother had come back yet.

"This is Gaby," said his father, and then switched to Hebrew, turning the dialogue with his son into an animated version of those texts presented simultaneously in two languages. Dr. Alter, a professor of comparative and Hebrew literature at the University of California at Berkeley, has always spoken Hebrew to Gaby (who always answers in English), because he believes that to be bilingual, or nearly so, is useful in general, and to be fluent in Hebrew particularly implies a degree of integration with Hebrew culture.

He had been remarking dolefully that interest in the humanities was on the wane ("Very few millionaires in literary criticism") and sat straighter in his chair as he spoke the words "Hebrew culture." Seriously and with pleasure he talked about his courses in Hebrew literature, and especially about his students — his friends, really, since they often spend five years doing their doctoral work at Berkeley.

It would probably be difficult to know, if one saw them together, which was teacher and which student: Alter conforms to no professorial stereotype — compact, his movements as controlled as an athlete's, his smile sudden and as filled with delight as his young son's; nor is his conversation a giveaway; only afterwards are you aware of profundities.

HE BRANCHED into modern Hebrew literature, which, although by and large realistic because of its roots, contained exemplars like A.B. Yehoshua, who

was chiefly concerned with a dream world.

Does he know A.B. Yehoshua? An uninformed question: further conversation indicates that he probably knows every writer in Israel and an astonishing number of others of its denizens besides. (A variety of Americans now living in Israel have said to me recently: "Bob Alter? He's a great guy. I went to camp with him." Or school or college.) That's why his six weeks here with his wife Carol and his sons Gaby and 13-year-old Dan have been a veritable biblical journey from Dan to Beersheba, in an effort to see as many of his friends as possible.

But in many ways the trip has been an initiation. Although both Robert and Carol Alter have visited Israel frequently, they have never done so together, nor has either of the boys been here before. So Alter is now seeing Israel through the eyes of Gaby at summer camp, Dan playing football on French Hill, and Carol toiling up the Snake Path to Massada with the three of them. He says that even though he played half-back on his high-school football team, he never could have managed the Snake Path had he not worked out on French Hill beforehand.

As a matter of fact, when his good friend Yehuda Amichai, an unreconstructed soccer fan, taught for two quarters at Berkeley, his visit was crowned by an unforgettable football game.

"In the last 50 seconds California caught a long pass and won the game," Alter recounts, eyes bright with memory. "Yehuda was as excited as I was, and I was practically out of my mind."

Robert Alter's acquaintance with Israel has been long and intimate, starting in 1959, when he came to study Hebrew literature at the Hebrew University before completing his doctorate in comparative literature at Harvard.

But his involvement with Israel, and with Hebrew language and culture, precedes by many years his initial visit. It began, I guess, in his traditional but not rigidly Orthodox home in Albany, New York, and was solidified at the parochial high school to which he was sent in the afternoons. "My luck that we had a very good Hebrew high school in Albany," he says. "That's not usually true in America." Then there were summers at Camp Ramah.

Hebrew, therefore, was nearly always on his tongue, and the transition from speaking to reading to reading critically amplified his interest.

Love of the language, and the influence of young Zionist friends, predisposed him toward love of the country. "But obviously, although I love Israel and hate to leave, my identification isn't complete, or I wouldn't be living in California."

Life, especially in the San Francisco Bay area, where he says there are no *yordim* to speak of, doesn't have much Israeli flavour; it's preserved through his students (and his face reflects enjoyment of and gratitude for their company).

Roughly half his teaching load consists of Hebrew literature; he not only lectures but consults with his students in Hebrew, because "my Hebrew is generally better than their English." And while weeks go by when Hebrew conversation is restricted to those one-sided exchanges with Gaby, there are other times, spent not only with his friends among the students but with visiting Israelis, when Hebrew seems to be the *lingua franca* of Berkeley.

Alter's relationship with Hebrew literature is in many ways more complex even than that of novelists and poets born to the language. During his year at the Hebrew University — a year less seminal for scholarship than for understanding — he came to know and revere and respond to

the influence of Leah Goldberg. Despite the fact, therefore, that he is by profession and inclination a critic rather than a maker of literary texts, he began to try his hand at translation, aware that more is demanded of a translator than acquaintance with the language.

Wild horses, or I anyway, couldn't have dragged self-compliments out of him. He has a youthful kind of reserve and prefers not to refer to his achievements. At all events, he wound up translating, among others, the poems of Leah Goldberg, Avraham Shlonsky, Amir Gilboa, and Yehuda Amichai.

Now he's reversed the process and put eight chapters of *Tristram Shandy* into Hebrew. "Great fun," says Dr. Alter, partly because Sterne's novel is fun in itself and partly because it was a joy to make sure that in Hebrew he lost no: his *Tristram Shandy*.

THERE IS a strong impression that such translation will not end there, but Alter's heavy writing commitments push further experiments into some hazy future.

Aside from the articles he is invited to write and lectures he has to deliver simply because he's a college professor; aside from the prefaces and afterwords and essays he is asked to contribute to collections and quarterlies; aside, too, from the serious business of writing books that deal with his discipline, he is a member of the staff of *Commentary*, responsible for producing four articles a year, and a reviewer of fiction for the *New York Times* and an inordinate number of scholarly journals.

"I used to review for the *TLS*, too," he says ruefully, "until it disappeared under the debris of the *London Times*."

Does he ever write for the *New York Review of Books*? "Not a chance," he answers.

"Ever since *Commentary* condemned them in the Sixties, when they were violently New Left, for printing a diagram of how to make a bomb, they've boycotted everybody on the staff. They wouldn't ask me to write a piece for them if I were the only person who could do it. Especially since my name's on the masthead."

Too bad for the *New York Review*, for Robert Alter writes marvellously. His latest article in *Commentary*, having to do with style and method in biography, is a lucid example of what he's saying — that critical integrity and meticulous research need not interfere with the freshness and "narrative economy" of the writing.

But why the sudden interest in biography?

Because he has just completed a life of Stendhal, to be called *A Lion for Love* and to be published in the fall by Basic Books in America and Allen & Unwin in England. It was five years in the making, but serious composition really began in 1975, when he and his wife spent a year of research in France and Italy.

Turns out that the modest and very pretty Carol Alter is a formidable French scholar with a good many translations to her credit. They collaborated closely; Stendhal became "a presence in the house; he's such an engaging personality that we talked about him as though we had just been talking with him."

DOES HE SEE himself as a biographer, then? Does he plan other biographical studies? He shakes his head.

"I might do another, but my overriding interest is still in literary criticism, and at the moment I'm writing about the major modes of biblical narrative." He expects that this book will be finished in a couple of years; short section, to be expanded, appeared in a recent *Commentary*. Thus he will be doing for biblical narrative what he has done for the Western novel in *Pastoral Magic*, a critique that takes the reader from Cervantes to Nabokov. A similarly critical line is followed in his series of essays, *Defenses of the Imagination*, about Jewish writers in the Diaspora.

At this point a friend walks into the Mishkenot lobby. Transferring — gratefully, because hearing is reserved — from the autobiographical note to the social, Alter remarks that he must leave pretty soon because that two families are going on a picnic. His clear anticipation of spending the rest of the day with friends is long standing, in conversation interrupted only by the year between meetings, recalling something that he had said earlier.

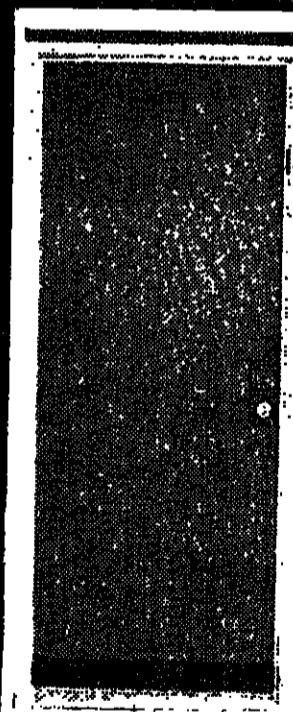
Asked what he actually does when he's in Israel, he replies: "Talk. There's a quality of openness and intensity about Israelis that lets you get to the heart of the matter at once and then there's nothing for it but to on and on."

That's what he's looking forward to, the collective change. It is probably more tense now, in the year 1979, than ever before, because everybody's discussing Israel's manifold problems and offering solutions.

"But morale is pretty high," he was quick to point out. "Current higher than it was in 1968, the current joke about the *yordim* was who would be the first to turn out the lights at Lod. Surely not Robert Alter. Keep coming back!"



# Tomorrow.



Pladelet

'Tomorrow' can be a very expensive word. And Pladelet, today, can save you a lot of trouble and money. Pladelet is a 50 kilogram steel barrier to place between everything that matters to you and uninvited strangers. Steel ribs reinforce the door from top to bottom. A Mul-T-Lock security lock controls six steel bars which slide into the door frame in all four directions. Superbly insulated for sound, Pladelet comes fitted with a wide angle viewer (so you can see who's there). A door stopper is also a standard feature. All this security equipment remains invisible to the eye. What remains to be seen is the elegant and classy simplicity of an architect-designed door. It takes a tough door to protect your home — and a wise woman to be ready for an emergency. So why should you be the one to say "If only...?"

- For information and details please call:
- Tel-Aviv: 03-853791, 854458
  - Haifa: 04-725111/2/3
  - Tiberias: 067-92969, 20024
  - Netanya: 053-37766
  - Petah-Tikva: 03-919383
  - Jerusalem: 02-422767, 423769
  - Ashkelon: 051-24515
  - Beer-Sheva: 057-76840
  - Eilat: 059-2750



Pladelet cross section

# PLADELET

A Mul-T-Lock product. The power within the beauty.

# Kibbutz best-seller

Although his fellow-kibbutzniks do not pretend to understand his work, they have always allowed Moshe Kupferman great latitude in pursuing his artistic career. Their confidence is now paying off handsomely, JOAN BORSTEN discovers.

NONE OF Moshe Kupferman's anguished mauve canvases is on display in the massive dining room of Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot, or in the recently redecorated communal clubhouse. No more than a handful of his fellow kibbutzniks have ever asked their colleague, described by Israel Museum's former curator Yona Flaisher as "the greatest [local] artist of his generation," for a drawing or painting. The four Kupferman children had to fight for the right to hang their father's abstracts above their beds in the kibbutz's children's house.

Yet the members of Lohamei Hagetaot have always respected Kupferman's creative drive — even if they didn't understand or appreciate the results. From 1949, when Kupferman and other Holocaust survivors established the kibbutz on a plain just north of Acre, the man who had never studied art or drawn more than a few sketches before he came to this country, was given time off to paint. Half a day each week during the decade when kibbutz founders were struggling to build themselves a new home and reconstruct their shattered lives. After 1960 this was extended to half a work week, although the critics hadn't responded favourably to Kupferman's first show. And since 1967, it has been all day every day.

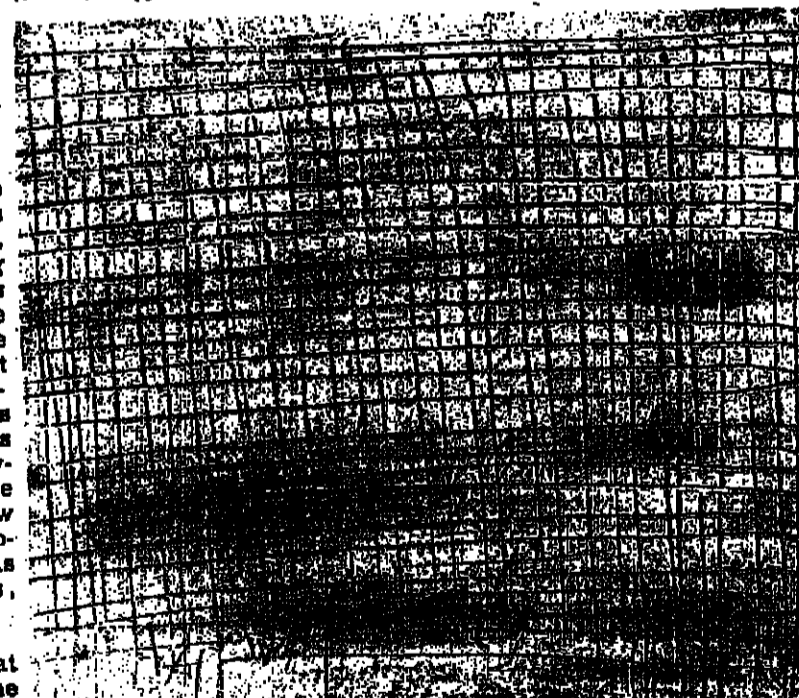
The kibbutz built him a studio in 1964, long before the sale of Kupferman canvases began to add tens of thousands of dollars annually to the settlement's coffers. It was still to be many years before Lohamei Hagetaot could boast that Kupferman works formed part of the permanent collections of not only the Israel Museum and the Tel Aviv Museum, but also of the Guggenheim and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the Los Angeles County Museum.

"Encouraging artists to create is a kibbutz tradition," says Kupferman loyally. The slight, greying professional building worker in his early 50s, in his green chino pants, conservative blue shirt and sandals, looks more like a tea-sipping government bureaucrat than a post-minimalist whose turbulent works one local art critic calls "portraits of the soul." Seated in the tiny living room of his kibbutz home he throws out the names of a few other kibbutz artists, as well as writers, dancers, poets, ceramicists and sculptors.

AT THE SAME time he stares at the mammoth oil hanging over the narrow day-bed. It is one of six works he has slipped out of the studio over the years to ensure that "no one ever takes them from me." The canvas — a classic Kupferman — with layers of scratched and textured lavenders, a grid, a black and negating "x" and an "ard" — emphasizes why members of Lohamei Hagetaot find it so difficult to relate to his work. And why residents of neighbouring Kibbutz Gaaton wax nostalgic over the charming figurative water colours of their artist-in-residence, Shmuel Katz.



(Above) Moshe Kupferman in his Lohamei Hagetaot studio. (Aliza Auerbach)  
(Below) Kupferman's "Small Net" (1978, oil on canvas).



"The founders of Lohamei Hagetaot are people experienced in life," insists Kupferman as he goes into the kitchenette. "They have been through difficult and complicated times. They have no pretensions. They don't attempt to define what is art, but when they see one member seriously engaged in creating art, they accept it."

KUPFERMAN'S wife, Mia, a satura raised on Kibbutz Ein Harod, shakes her head. Thirty years with the artist haven't been any

easier than living with some of his works or battling kibbutz sceptics.

"It was never that simple," she says, when Kupferman is out of hearing range. "My husband fought the kibbutz to get where he is today. He succeeded where others failed because he is stubborn, strong and energetic. It's true, though, that from the beginning the members realized how committed he was to his art, how much he was driven to create. In those first years, when we lived in those first rooms, when we lived in those first rooms with three kids, he

another such visit. "His work was tough, lean, honest, not gimmicky, and very different from the three Kupferman canvases I had included in a show of Israeli artists I organized in Albany in 1969.

"I began showing Kupferman in my New York gallery. Little by little he percolated into the consciousness of an elite group of American art collectors, those who buy the best of the New York School. Today, Kupferman is invariably the only non-American artist who interests them."

The turning-point in Kupferman's American career came last fall, when Los Angeles County Museum curators Maurice Tuchman and Stephanie Baron organized the "Seven Artists in Israel" show, which was later mounted in Brooklyn.

"Jews and Christians alike began calling me and arriving at my gallery, asking for works by all the contemporary artists included in the LA show, but especially Kupferman," says Urdang. "The price of his folio drawings jumped from \$60 to \$1,500. I am now getting between \$4,000 and \$10,000 each for his oil, depending on their size. I expect prices to soar even higher next year after Kupferman's five one-man shows, and after his work is featured on the covers of two leading American art magazines.

Nevertheless, Kupferman is yet as famous in the U.S. as Yacov Agam, but there is a genuine demand for his work."

KUPFERMAN is a charming but complex man. He rebels at the suggestion that he sell to a German or mount a show in that country. He cancels interviews that coincide with his dishwashing stints in the kibbutz kitchen. He refuses to donate paintings to important museum collections, though he admits wanting "as many people as possible to see and experience my work."

Until recently, he was described by friends as an "egoless artist" when it came to money matters, content to create and let others worry about his finances. Since Urdang's gallery this year plunked almost \$1.1 million into Lohamei Hagetaot's bank account, however, Kupferman has become as tough a huckster as the comrade responsible for selling the settlement's cotton crop.

"I've always wanted to contribute as much as possible to the kibbutz," he says, "though no one ever made selling my art a prerequisite for being allowed to continue to paint. In the years when my work sold slowly and infrequently, I simply wasn't in a position to demand high prices. Now I am, so I do."

A friend of Kupferman explains the metamorphosis in another way:

"For years the kibbutz invested heavily in Kupferman and got no return. He undoubtedly felt guilty sometimes and knew that many considered him a parasite. Now he is earning good money. He knows that every additional dollar he brings in will prove to those who believed in him, as well as those who didn't, that he was right all along." □

ALWAYS RESPECTED by the local art world, his works never sold in quantity until, in 1972, Bertha Urdang, founder of the Rina Gallery, which for many years was Jerusalem's leading private art establishment, opened a branch office in New York.

"I stopped by Kupferman's studio on a buying trip, and was bowled over by what was those first years, when we lived in those first rooms with three kids, he

another such visit. "His work was tough, lean, honest, not gimmicky, and very different from the three Kupferman canvases I had included in a show of Israeli artists I organized in Albany in 1969.

"I began showing Kupferman in my New York gallery. Little by little he percolated into the consciousness of an elite group of American art collectors, those who buy the best of the New York School. Today, Kupferman is invariably the only non-American artist who interests them."

The turning-point in Kupferman's American career came last fall, when Los Angeles County Museum curators Maurice Tuchman and Stephanie Baron organized the "Seven Artists in Israel" show, which was later mounted in Brooklyn.

"Jews and Christians alike began calling me and arriving at my gallery, asking for works by all the contemporary artists included in the LA show, but especially Kupferman," says Urdang. "The price of his folio drawings jumped from \$60 to \$1,500. I am now getting between \$4,000 and \$10,000 each for his oil, depending on their size. I expect prices to soar even higher next year after Kupferman's five one-man shows, and after his work is featured on the covers of two leading American art magazines.

Nevertheless, Kupferman is yet as famous in the U.S. as Yacov Agam, but there is a genuine demand for his work."

KUPFERMAN is a charming but complex man. He rebels at the suggestion that he sell to a German or mount a show in that country. He cancels interviews that coincide with his dishwashing stints in the kibbutz kitchen. He refuses to donate paintings to important museum collections, though he admits wanting "as many people as possible to see and experience my work."

Until recently, he was described by friends as an "egoless artist" when it came to money matters, content to create and let others worry about his finances. Since Urdang's gallery this year plunked almost \$1.1 million into Lohamei Hagetaot's bank account, however, Kupferman has become as tough a huckster as the comrade responsible for selling the settlement's cotton crop.

"I've always wanted to contribute as much as possible to the kibbutz," he says, "though no one ever made selling my art a prerequisite for being allowed to continue to paint. In the years when my work sold slowly and infrequently, I simply wasn't in a position to demand high prices. Now I am, so I do."

A friend of Kupferman explains the metamorphosis in another way:

"For years the kibbutz invested heavily in Kupferman and got no return. He undoubtedly felt guilty sometimes and knew that many considered him a parasite. Now he is earning good money. He knows that every additional dollar he brings in will prove to those who believed in him, as well as those who didn't, that he was right all along." □

# Chemistry of art

THE MATERIALS AND TECHNIQUES OF PAINTING (with a Supplement on Colour Theory) by Kurt Wehite. New York, Van Nostrand Reinhold, 678 pp. plus 98 pp. of illustrations. \$35.

THE COMPLETE INTAGLIO PRINT by John Ross and Clare Romano. New York, The Free Press, Macmillan, 121 pp. No price stated.

Meir Ronnen

ANY LAYMAN who witnesses an orthopaedic operation (even on film) will be struck by the surgeons' use of simple carpentry and carpenters' tools. Kurt Wehite reminds us that art techniques are not far removed from those of housepainting, and that it is better to learn them from the outset instead of muddling through on the walls.

Wehite, a famous German art teacher, points out in the introduction to his massive tome that the theory of painting techniques is fairly new (in fact only as new as modern chemistry), and that many classic recipes are sadly out of date. But then, so is some of his book, which originally appeared in Germany 12 years ago. It is surprising that this splendidly didactic publishing company did not think of bringing it up to date and including a number of fields that were omitted even from the original German manuscript.

Nevertheless, Wehite's book is a mine of information, particularly about the mineral and chemical origins of pigments and their characteristics; and also of painting and binding mediums, solvents and varnish coatings. It contains many useful warnings of toxicity and suggestions for safety precautions. In these fields it is virtually unsurpassed.

The two other biggest chapters are on the materials and techniques of Wall Painting (which should prove of particular interest to students of conservation and restoration) and Enamel Painting and its Conservation (including all types of panels and their construction and the scientific detection of fakes by chemical means and infra-red photography). Both chapters get detailed treatment. There is an additional chapter on drawing and watercolour techniques and, finally, one on colour theory.

THE BOOK is designed as a manual: each chapter is divided into hundreds of entries, each with a decimal reference number, so the student can start reading where he needs. But an overall reading is necessary. For instance, the first entry on blister gives its chemical and organic makeup without indicating its true general use; this only emerges when one turns to the section on drawing inks. This is less a manual than an encyclopaedia broken up into no fewer than 1,000 scattered subsections. However everything is meticulously indexed and related to the more than 300 colour and black-and-white illustrations.

While all classical and historical techniques are explained, and many modern synthetic materials considered, the virtual omission of polymer acrylics from this and the original manuscript is

explicable. Wehite examines the functions of oils, tempera, water-colour, casein and gouache materials and techniques in detail, but acrylics have come to replace all of these in many situations, even as a ground or as underpainting. Acrylics can be used with water, yet are water-fast and quick drying and surpass oils for staining into unsized canvas. They are also more elastic and permanent. Wehite gives this major art material only half a dozen lines as an alternative to tempera underpainting.

WEHLTE's entry on alkyd resins is not only unnecessarily pessimistic but out of date. Winsor & Newton have since succeeded in producing alkyd colours (with all the characteristics of regular artists' quality oils) that dry within 24 hours. Used with "Liquin," a new Winsor & Newton glazing medium, the alkyd colours can be glazed every few hours. Petroleum acetate is used as a retarder. The alkyds, excellent for quick painting and drying situations, can be mixed with regular oil colours for slower action. Used by themselves, they do not dry matt and don't need subsequent varnishing to restore their lustre. (Unfortunately, Winsor & Newton have not distributed much in the way of useful literature for painters new to the alkyds.)

Wehite, in his otherwise excellent section on grounds and stretching canvas, ignores the gesso-covered canvas-board, long available cheaply on the American market, which can be used both for oils and acrylics; even a note on its defects would have been welcome. The chapter on colour theory dwells largely on Ostwald, but ignores Itten, whose own book on colour theory, published by this company, makes things much clearer.

Perhaps this sort of giant compendium is out of date in another sense; we need smaller books with more detailed instruction in each section. Wehite could have enlarged his spirited championing of the *alla prima* technique, at once so simple and so difficult to master.

Yet this manual offers much for beginner painters, muralists, copyists and restorers. There is something here for all of them.

NO ONE makes manuals like the Americans. John Ross and Clare Romano, who gave us a masterpiece of illustrated clarity entitled *The Complete Printmaker*, have now re-issued their work on intaglio (etching) techniques as a large-format paperback. This excellent and beautifully illustrated summary deals not only with history, methods, preparing the plates, the actual etching and printing (and also with the use of photographic techniques), but also with the care, mounting and framing of prints.

American printers are thoroughly business-like as well as of professional integrity: there are special sections on record-keeping and the numbering and signing of editions, as well as setting up a workshop. Of course you won't get very far with this manual alone — beginners must go to work at a printshop (there are now four or five excellent semi-public establishments in Israel), but it's a tremendously useful introduction. □

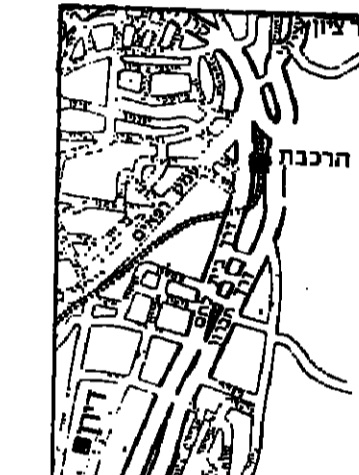
## JERUSALEM OF DIRAN

A Visit to DIRAN is a Must! Diran furniture is the talk of the town

1100 sq.m. of breathtaking display

- Salon suites
- Dinettes
- Upholstery material
- Buffets
- Bedroom furniture
- Carpets
- Gifts
- Youth furniture
- Paintings
- Lighting fixtures
- Garden furniture

Discounts and credit arrangements on opening of display

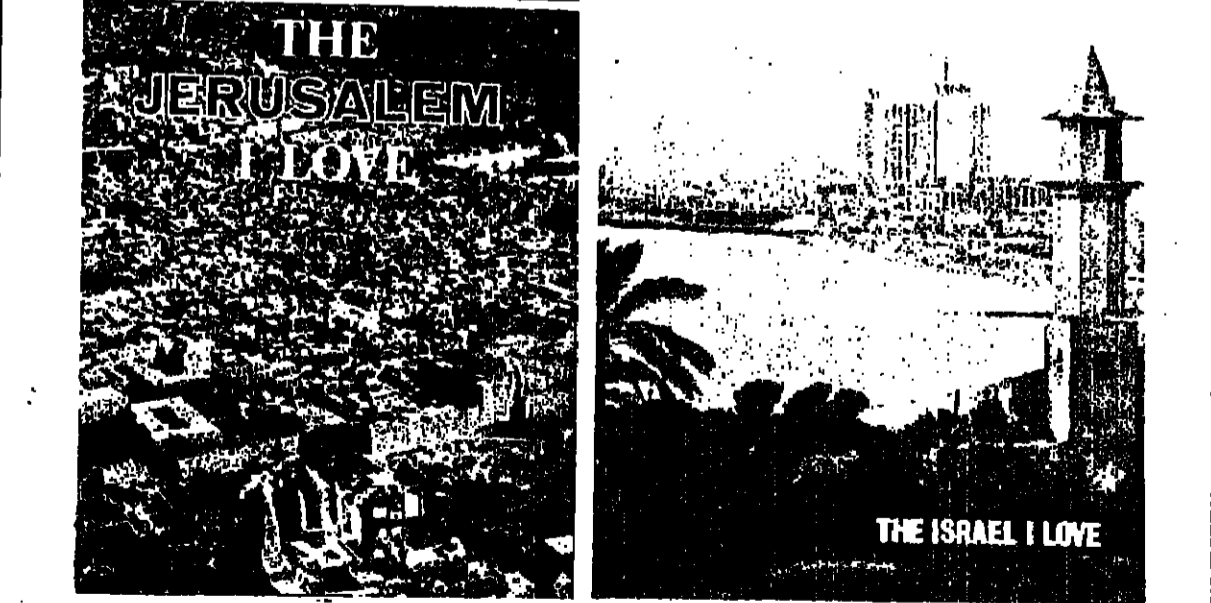


DIRAN

Fashion House for modern furniture. Jerusalem, 14 Yad Haharutzim, Telplot (Industrial zone)

Open Saturday evenings from 7.30 — 10.30 p.m.  
★ Table + 4 Nikol chairs (Italian) only IL7,896 instead of IL10,280  
★ Nikol double bed (Italian) only IL9,000 instead of IL12,000  
★ Laul lounge suite only IL21,500 instead of IL25,725

NO NEED TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT JERUSALEM! JUST GIVE THEM THE BOOKS



Photography by David Harris. It says it all, in vivid prose; It shows it all in brilliant colour. Price in Israel: IL150., incl. V.A.T. (Price in the U.S.A.: \$12.50)

Joint publication in Israel: Nateev — Printing and Publishing Enterprise Ltd., and Steimatzky Sole distribution in Israel: Steimatzky's Agency Ltd. JERUSALEM · TEL-AVIV · HAIFA · LYDDA AIRPORT

DR. WATSON was impressed by his new "falcon's" immense knowledge of sensational literature. Noting that he appears to know every detail of every horror perpetrated in the century...

Joe Gaute clearly runs Sherlock Holmes a close second. His 2,500 volume library of mayhem, one of the finest in the world, includes all 112 books in the "Notable British Trials" series, plus another nine of the "War Trials," the whole of Roughton, the 16 volumes of the Bles "Famous Trials" series, the seven of the Jarrolds "Old Bailey Trials" and the six more recent David and Charles "Celebrated Trials."

I'm consumed with envy. Crime has been Gaute's lifelong interest and he has devoted a considerable part of his 50 years in publishing to making Harrap's list of passion, poison and putrefaction second to none. His philosophy is beautifully summed up in a photograph reproduced on the back flap which shows Joe standing beside a factory sign in Cornwall which reads "The Old Arsenic Works."



"A Turf Seal (Krasnoye Selu)" by Ilya Yefimovich Repin. From "Repin," edited by Grigory Sternin (Harry N. Abraham, \$4.96). The most celebrated Russian artist of the 19th century, Repin has been compared to Courbet although belonging more firmly in the tradition of bourgeois realism — a fact which the Soviet editor buries among references to Ilya Yefimovich's social conscience. A.B.

# Getting my Gaute

Robin Odell, his collaborator on the *Who's Who*, recently published well-received accounts of Jack the Ripper and of the trial of Major Armstrong, whose unfortunate habit of offering arsenic-laden scones around ("Excuse fingers") led him to the gallows in 1924.

**THE MURDERERS' WHO'S WHO** by J.H. Gaute and Robin Odell. London. Harrap, 298 pp. £9.95.

**Alex Berlyne**

The book is conceived as a basic system to cover all the major capital crimes of the past 150 years and each entry refers fully to a comprehensive bibliography of some 700 titles so that the volume is arranged something like the new *Britannica's* one-volume "propaedia" which attempts, after arranging every conceivable subject under a number of headings, to detail where further information can be found.

Dr. Watson's rather untidy room-mate has become a byword for his amazing powers of deduction (based on those of Conan Doyle's medical school teacher, Edinburgh's Dr. Joseph Bell). *The Murderers' Who's Who* includes a real-life counterpart of the Baker Street sleuth. Shown a pair of overalls found on the scene of a San Francisco murder in 1923, Dr. Edward Heinrich gave the police a virtual Identikit picture of their owner. "He told them to look for a left-handed lumberjack working with fir-trees, aged between 21 and 26, not more than 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighing about 165 pounds. He would have medium light hair, a fair complexion, light-brown eyebrows and neat personal habits."

TRAVEL for young people is now a commonplace. Every second flowerchild has been to Katmandu. But in the 1930s, such a journey would have assumed the nature of an expedition, to be undertaken only by the most adventurous.

# Corns and class

Nevertheless, vast numbers of people took to the roads in the '30s — they were the itinerant poor. Millions of unemployed trudged across the edges of the deserts of America and Australia, while hordes of "tramps" roamed England looking for work and a doss-house. George Orwell was their eloquent witness.

**A TIME OF GIFTS** by Patrick Leigh Fermor. London. John Murray, 291 pp. £6.50.  
**RUNNING** by Maxie Lane. London. Quartet-Books, 221 pp. £1.50.  
**MARCH WEST** by Lord Lovat. London. Paulsenfeld & Nicolson, 297 pp. £7.95.

# Meir Ronnen

The above memoirs are by three authors who "grew up" in the '30s. Maxie Lane spent his infancy on the roads of Wales with his widowed father, an Irish tinker. His father deserted him for a woman when he was nine. Cheated by his father and then by society, Lane became a potty thief, was in and out of Borstals, and enlisted and deserted twice from the pre-war army before going to sea in 1940.

Lord Lovat had less trouble conking. The heir to a great Scottish clan and immense holdings, he was a princeling brought up to serve his serfs. But he was a lad who loved to be away from the pack, to hunt, fish, and snare — he was described as a "Mowgli boy." Eventually, even Lovat decided he could not stick out his promising career in the Scots Guards of the '30s.

Patrick Leigh Fermor, son of a woman who wrote poetry and flew a Cypriot Moth, was also virtually fatherless, his pater being a civil servant in India. Young Patrick took to the roads because he felt he could not fit into the society set out for him (Sandhurst); but then he was a highly educated and gifted young man, looking for

something to write about. He decided, at 19, to walk from Holland to Constantinople. Lord Lovat had less trouble conking. The heir to a great Scottish clan and immense holdings, he was a princeling brought up to serve his serfs. But he was a lad who loved to be away from the pack, to hunt, fish, and snare — he was described as a "Mowgli boy." Eventually, even Lovat decided he could not stick out his promising career in the Scots Guards of the '30s.

gave pills containing strychnine... while there's a delightful three-way time in the reference to William Burke Kirwan, who murdered his wife at Houth in 1852. He had been giving my Gaute and Odell, absolutely deadpan, "a great deal of his time and devotion to another woman, Miss Mary Kenny, who had borne him seven children."

At least two murderers who went to the scaffold would probably have been acquitted today. Both Louis Voisin, who disposed of his mistress in Soho in 1917, and Thomas Henry Allaway, who murdered a young woman in Bournemouth in 1922, were convicted on the evidence of the idiosyncratic spelling of notes they'd sent their victims. Now that the standard of orthography is so universally execrable, no jury in its right mind would safely convict either of them.

GAUTE AND Odell's *Murderers' Who's Who* is a most useful work of reference, rivaling E. Spencer Shew's *A Companion to Murder* and his *A Second Companion to Murder*, Sir Harold Scott's *Concise Encyclopedia of Crime and Criminals*, and Colin Wilson and Pat Piltman's *Encyclopedia of Murder*. It was damned civil then, under the circumstances, for Colin Wilson to refer to the present volume as "perhaps the most valuable single volume ever published on murder."

However, Wilson is too kind by half. For instance, the *Who's Who* seems to have confused the Thompson and Bywaters case with F. Tonnyson Jesse's fictionalised version, *A Pin to See the Peppashov*, which we saw on TV a couple of years ago. Referring to the Rattenbury-Stoner case (in which 31-year-old Alma's 87-year-old husband was murdered by her 18-year-old lover), the *Who's Who* informs us that it was similar to the Thompson-Bywaters case "in which an elderly husband was murdered after the wife had taken a young lover."

Now Edith Thompson was 28

kept a daily journal. Handsome, cultured, charming and with a great appreciation of and capacity for good drink, he was a welcome guest, passing from one great house to another.

He met Nazis and sometimes stayed with Jews, and was not sympathetic to the former. He admired many fine Germans, but his description of B.S. men and German burghers and their families gorging themselves in the Munich Hofbrau equals anything ever drawn by George Grosz.

WHEN MY OWN family was suddenly impoverished during the Depression, I used to walk the Australian beaches, turning over rocks in the hope of finding buried treasures. I was relieved to read that Maxie Lane used to do the same.

It is easy to see why he found stealing so much more satisfying than slaving for pennies paid by dishonest and exploiting employers, even if it meant that he was always on the run. Perhaps the tinker's freedom of his hated/loved father always beckoned him. He endured

EVERY NEW YEAR's day David Bradley throws a nostalgia party at his Los Angeles home. Actors, journalists, friends, and hopeful gate-crashers climb several flights of wooden stairs to the Hollywood Hills retreat. Bradley, a former film director best known for his *Ben Hur* (which starred Charlton Heston) prods the UCLA student operating the Super 8 movie camera and yells "smile" at his legitimate guests.

# Tinsel-town tots



Mrs. Cary first toddled onto stage at the mature age of 20 months, a "personality star" under contract to Poverty Row's Century Studios (known for its cheapie productions) at \$75 a week, a vast sum in those days.

After an hour of hors d'oeuvres, drinks and film industry chit-chat, the curtains are drawn and everyone gathers to watch last year's homemade movies, applauding and groaning. Then comes the highlight — film clips starring Bradley's guests of honour, silent screen stars now in their 80s and 90s. There aren't many left to invite these days — regulars such as Claire Windsor, Mrs. Fatty Arbuckle, and Jetta Goudal have all moved on to the great casting office in the sky. But at last year's party gathered film buffs paid homage to actresses Madge Bellamy and Miltza Korjus, to director Fritz Lang, and to several other heartthrobs whose names are known only to students of film because their careers ended with the advent of sound.

HOLLYWOOD'S CHILDREN by Diana Serra Cary. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 290 pp. \$11.95. **MADE IN HOLLYWOOD** by James Bacon. New York, Warner Books, 318 pp. \$2.25.

Joan Borsten

biographies and autobiographies have been written about these children and their pushy stage mothers. Now Diana Serra Cary, so traumatized by her own short-lived career as "Baby Peggy" that she changed her name, writes a group portrait. What emerges is a professional, interesting documentary of the perils of being a child star.

STILL, IT WAS a life many envied. *Baby Peggy* comedies streamed off the studio assembly line on the average of one a week. There were fan clubs, fund-raising promotions, Baby Peggy products. But as the child became more famous and richer, her parents lost their identities and self-respect.

Another GROUP of actors with a heart-breaking collective story are Hollywood's child stars, among them Shirley Temple, Jackie Coogan, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Cooper, Lillian Gish, June Havoc, Mary Pickford, Mickey Rooney. Cute, precocious tots with winsome smiles and special talents, they usually grew up emotionally scarred — even those like Judy Garland (born Frances Gumm) who survived adolescence and evolved into adult actors. Numerous

STILL, IT WAS a life many envied. *Baby Peggy* comedies streamed off the studio assembly line on the average of one a week. There were fan clubs, fund-raising promotions, Baby Peggy products. But as the child became more famous and richer, her parents lost their identities and self-respect.

What emerges is a professional, interesting documentary of the perils of being a child star. *Hollywood's Children*, which focuses on Jackie Coogan, Mary Pickford, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Shirley Temple, and of course Baby Peggy, is important in that it examines what it was really like to be self-made millionaire and family breadwinner before entering kindergartner. Mrs. Cary also gives a shattering glimpse of childhoods turned upside down and the fate of families who exploited their children as cruelly as the movie moguls themselves.

Mrs. Cary begins her saga during the California Gold Rush when a destitute young miner's wife discovers that if her pretty, red-haired daughter sings and dances for her husband's colleagues, they will shower the stage with gold nuggets and coins. Most of the book, however, deals with the fascinating, pint-sized personalities like Baby Peggy who began their professional careers between 1920 and 1945, when an estimate 100 children poured into Hollywood every 15 minutes, their parents dreaming of stardom.

# Violent voyeurs

WAR ON THE MIND by Peter Watson. London, Hutchinson, £9.95.  
**CRUSADERS, CRIMINALS, and CRAZIES** by Frederick J. Hacker. New York, Bantam, \$2.25.  
**WAR: CONTROLLING ESCALATION** by Richard Smoke. London, Harvard, £12.95.

Martin Sieff

doing a thesis on sexual mechanics instead of visiting a brothel. This current crop is a fair sample of what comes out of it. *War on the Mind* is by far the best, above such things, and must get their military titillation in more respectable ways — rather like whose book grow from his work

Most extraordinary is Watson's section on psychological warfare. The democratic West, after a miserable start, belatedly won such a war against Nazi Europe and for the past 30 years has been consistently losing one to Communist Asia.

THAT arch tough-guy, Shimi Lovat? He won a DSO and MC before he was badly wounded in Normandy. He has since gone from success to public success, but not as a writer. Much of his book is pedestrian, a recitation of double-barrelled names of public schoolboys who did well in battle. He is good on Dieppe, justifiably bitter about Montgomery's role in it, and contemptuous of the soldierly attributes of those two late novelists, Evelyn Waugh and Robert Henriques. Nevertheless, Whagh, at least, will still be bringing pleasure to a vast audience long after Lord Lovat has marched past. □

declared free of tuberculosis, I never saw a health or welfare worker."

Shirley Temple claims that the things she was made to do while filming her "Baby Burlesks" were so dangerous that mothers were barred from the set. Darla Hood of *Our Gang* recalls spending half a day hanging onto the back of a dog-catcher's wagon, shooting the same scene over and over until she was finally overcome by carbon-monoxide fumes and passed out cold.

Baby Peggy remembers being made sick by having to work all day in a bathtub of sour whipped cream (to simulate soap suds), almost drowning in Santa Monica's ten foot surf, and being thrown from a speeding pickup truck together with a terrified goat to which she had been wired. Yet her mother stated in an interview at the time, in which she offered advice to parents of would-be stars, "Peggy considers her work play and nothing is ever done or said to let her feel otherwise."

STILL, IT WAS a life many envied. *Baby Peggy* comedies streamed off the studio assembly line on the average of one a week. There were fan clubs, fund-raising promotions, Baby Peggy products. But as the child became more famous and richer, her parents lost their identities and self-respect.

Like silent-screen beauties who had aged, or male stars whose voices failed to pass the sound man's sex-appeal test, child stars who outgrew their baby charms became "has-beens" without compassion or regret, they were passed into oblivion. "It was our peculiar destiny to spend our adolescence in this throw-away society, hoping to regain the respect and love of our parents and peers, seeking desperately a new self-image to replace the prosperous one we had outgrown." There is no question that much of what went wrong later with child stars — the multiple marriages, drinking, bankruptcy, nervous breakdowns, attempted suicides — had their roots in these singularly painful years.

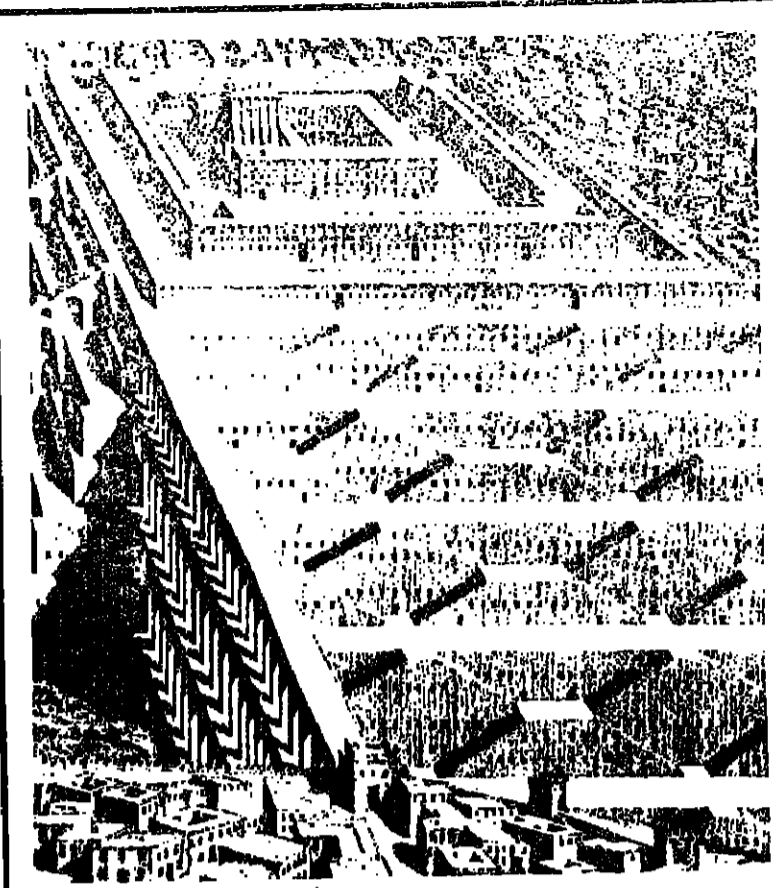
*Hollywood's Children*, which Mrs. Cary has written with much insight, should be required reading for every Israeli stage mother who tries to get her young protégé into the *Children's Song Festival*. It will also interest film buffs, but many will be disappointed to discover that the chapters on Baby Peggy are far better written and more enlightening than those on the famous movie children we are most familiar with.

**FINALLY** comes the aptly-named Richard Smoke with his *War: Controlling Escalation*. A research fellow at the Wright Institute in Berkeley, California, Dr. Smoke has never controlled an escalation in his life, but that, of course, doesn't stop him from telling everyone else how to do it. □

SIMILAR ground is covered in Frederick J. Hacker's *Crusaders, Criminals, and CRAZIES*. Hacker performs a useful service, classifying various forms of terrorism, guerrilla warfare, and large-scale criminality. His points on the pathology of terrorism are uninspired and unoriginal, but generally sensible, and may come in use the next time your apartment gets taken over by a Liberation Front or your airliner is diverted to Entebbe. The abundance of examples listed are neither comprehensive enough to be a reference guide, nor vivid enough for a bed-time thrill, but



**TYROLESE Jews?** Yodelling, mountain climbing, dirndls — and Jews? Yes, why not? Jews have lived everywhere, so why not in the Tyrol region of southwest Austria, one of the most scenic and picturesque parts of Europe? The author of this slim but heavily documented *Life and Fate of the Jews of Tyrol* is a veteran of many special assignments during three decades in the Defence Ministry; he may also be the only Jew to have escaped from the Nazis on skis. This he did in March, 1938, aged 25, when he left his native Innsbruck with rucksack, skis, and guitar, having been warned by gentle friends that the SS was about to arrest him, and crossed the Brenner Pass alone into Italy.



Substructure of Solomon's Temple, from Bernard Lamy. "De Tabernaculo..." 1720. In "Vision of the Temple: the Image of the Temple of Jerusalem in Judaism and Christianity" (Oresko Books, £10), Helen Rosenau charts the evolution of the vision from Bar Kokhba coins to contemporary religious architecture. In over 160 illustrations she documents a motif in which the demands of realism and structural practicality merge with those of religious vision and symbolism. A.B.

world of nature and sports, and music; while this was also true of many German and Central European Jews, it was nowhere so uniformly the case as in this tiny community. (The author has two gold and one silver ski medals.) A branch of the "Blau-Weiss" Zionist youth movement did exist until 1926; there was a "HaKoah-Betar" sports club; and, under Dr. Rimalt, a youth group of "Maccabi Hatzair" was founded. But Jewish ritual and tradition were foreign to the youth of Tyrol; emphasis was on self-defence, and physical fitness. In 1924 the author, aged 12, with his 13-year-old brother Matatihu (who, before he died, was a high-ranking police officer) and two other boys, aged 14 and 15, hiked alone 400 km through the Tyrol to a Blau-Weiss meeting near Stuttgart. It was during this period that they first encountered the Hitler Jugend, and early SA members.

That was the past. As the author writes in the introduction to his book, its purpose is "to show how we have rebuilt our lives in foreign countries, without forgetting." Today, nothing remains in Tyrol of those Jews, and this book is a modest attempt to serve as a memorial.

In 1914, 55 Jewish families lived in the Tyrol; six of their young men were killed in World War I. This high proportion is a measure of the patriotic enthusiasm with which able-bodied men enlisted in the Imperial Austrian Army. More unusual, though, is the number of Jews in alpine or skiing accidents — nine, in the years 1920-1936, girls as well as boys, and including a university professor and a doctor.

Sella has assembled other lists. The members of the "Hebrew Cultural Organization" of Innsbruck, with details of those fatally injured or murdered during *Kristallnacht*, deported to Poland and killed in concentration camps. The partial list of Innsbruck Jews killed by the Nazis between 1938 and 1945 totals 42.

The most "human" section of the book is the one that includes the life stories of the 73 former happy Tyrolese. For example, the first, alphabetically, is that of Anni Adler, born in Innsbruck, 1913, to a mother born in Innsbruck in 1878. She was

(The book may be ordered from Gad Hugo Sella, Rehov Moskovits 43, Rehovot, Tel. 064-61377)

## Yidl mit a yodel

**DIE JUDEN TIROLS:** Ihr Leben und Schicksal by Gad Hugo Sella. Tel Aviv, Japhet Press. 166 pp. No price stated.

**Marja Wolska**

England, nine from the U.S. and the rest from various other places. Sella's documents and descriptions are the only existing testimony to the 120 Jewish families of the Tyrol at the time of the Anschluss.

THE MOST widely known "former Innsbrucker" in Israel today is Dr. Elimelech Rimalt, formerly the Rabbi for the Tyrol

and Vorarlberg, whose two sons were born in Innsbruck. Another name well known to old-timers is that of Dora Schwarz, who once managed the sanatorium in Zichron.

The unique character of this Jewish community in pre-Nazi days is clear from Sella's account, and is surely what motivated him to write the book. It was unusually prosperous, well-educated, cultured, socially assimilated, and content. A few very early Zionist swallows left Innsbruck for Palestine as early as 1924, but very few others would have followed had it not been for Hitler.

Unlike most of their co-religionists elsewhere, the Tyrolese Jews were drawn to the

down level, whereas in others a student won't see the inside of a Gemarah for months.

**COMMITMENT** to a religious way of life seems to be required at most of these schools — Shabbat observance, communal prayer, etc. — since "Judaism is a religion of the action of doing mitzvot," as one educator put it. However some allow the beginner to progress at his own pace. Most instruction is given in the student's native language.

Most of these institutions are community-minded to the extent that graduates are encouraged to "spread the word" and settle in outlying communities. "I'm not interested in setting up a Torah institution which has nothing to say to the realities of Israel," said one Yeshiva head.

In spite of its brevity, something of the regimen of the Yeshiva world and its atmosphere comes through. One student claimed that at college he could never study more than three hours a day: "Now I'm learning between 10 and 12 hours a day. It's fantastic. I can hardly believe it myself." □

## Look around you

**FOOTLOOSE IN JERUSALEM** (A series of guided walking tours) by Sarah Fox Kaminker. Jerusalem, Footloose Publishers, IL185.

**Abraham Rabinovich**

I DO NOT know of a more useful book for someone who wishes to get to know Jerusalem than this delightful little work.

Kaminker is not a guide but a thoughtful companion who constantly bears in mind the likely range of interests and the physical endurance of the visitor she is accompanying. Instead of a mindless dumping of facts and regurgitated history we have here a fresh and cheerful look by an inquisitive mind at a city where past and present simmer in the same pot.

The author, an American-born town planner who works for the Jerusalem Municipality, takes

her readers on eight walks, each conveniently broken in the middle for the fatigued who would prefer to spend the rest of the afternoon at the hotel pool. The walks encompass not only the well-known sites of the Old City but also the little-visited corners of West Jerusalem where, for many people, the city's real beauty lies.

Kaminker does not hesitate to knock on the door of an interesting-looking house to ask if she can look around. She tells us which gates to look through in order to see what lies beyond, and even where we might make discreet forays into private gardens.

Veteran Jerusalemites, if they can condescend to read such a book about their city, may find a surprising amount of information they never knew.

This is a revised edition of the book originally published in 1970. The present version, in addition to having been updated, includes new walks and helpful maps. □

## The story flows

THIS IS A novel about a certain child growing up in a specific place at a particular point in time. Our interest in such a story would seem to come from the confluence, in greater or lesser tributaries, of psychology, geography and history. In *Whose Little Boy Are You?*, none of these individual streams is especially impressive: protagonist Nachman Shlegler is no Stephen Dedalus, Petah Tikva surely no Dublin, the early 1930s not the most dramatic years of the Zionist revolution. Nonetheless, the streams combine to form an expansive, steady narrative flow — a literary instance, if you will, of the unremarkable Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers meeting to form the quite respectable and businesslike, if occasionally sludgey, Ohio.

**WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?** by Hanooh Bartov. Translated from the Hebrew by Hillel Halkin. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society. 354 pp., \$9.95.

**S.T. Meravi**

What we have here then are no great revelations about the character or his environment, but an abundance of detail to confirm our assumption of what each would have been like in reality. There is not a single surprise in the book, but its rich accumulation of information gives us an exceptionally vivid picture of what it was all about, and that is an artistic achievement in itself.

Like an archaeologist uncovering a well-documented *tel*, Hanooh Bartov reveals layer by layer every artifact at this particular season's dig. We see how the people built their houses, what they ate, how they spent their days and nights. The child at the centre of the inquiry is rather typical; his parents and

neighbours the common working backbone of the Zionist revival; their drama the stuff of domestic accidents, illness, financial cares. The reader will be engaged by such things because, first off, it's our immediate ancestors and history, but more importantly because it's conveyed with such admirable control and balance. That Nachman's father fails to attend his son's Hanuka pageant is a painful incident; but the reader is not required to agonize over the pain.

NEITHER is the reader pressed to linger over the great issues of the day. Nachman's father has his frets over religious observance; Hilda's motherhood; everyone clucks about the Arab riots; the European war looms in the background. Yet none of this ever overshadows the characters' concerns with managing their daily affairs, and one is convinced that this is precisely the way it was.

Young Nachman, of course, measures life against the pain of a boll, the desire for a bicycle, or the shame of being caught with *The Shanghai Beauty of Tel Aviv* tucked inside Hersel's Diaries. Yet it is to Nachman's — typical; his parents and

gaze never remains fixed on the novel; we're shown not just a boy in the world, but a boy and his world, and if this is still not the stuff of great pitch and moment, it is at least a mini-drama of fine and fully recaptured memory. One example:

"The teacher kept time to his drone by banging his ruler on the plank table, while the children chanted prayer after prayer, page after page, morning after morning, with barely a chance to catch their breath in between. There were all kinds of boys in the class, some small like Nachman and others big and strange. The latter opened their large mouths wide and belloped at the top of their lungs, but all the while their hands were busy elsewhere: working a forked leum twig into a slingshot by peeling it with a penknife, grooving the bark, and tying a thick rubber band to the prongs with strong wire; swapping marbles — peewees, shiners, jewels — or stamps or empty boxes of Lateef, Matossian, Simon Arat, or still cheaper brands of cigarettes; carving initials and drawings into the table; hunting and spearing flies on safety pins; or, for lack of anything better to do, pinching and poking the smaller boys, who had no choice but to go on shouting in the same rhythm as before, '...For Thou hast not made us like the nations of the world or set us among the families of the sea-a-r-r-th...'

ORIGINALLY published by Am Oved a decade ago, *Whose Little Boy Are You?* has now been translated into English by Hillel Halkin, a translator whose literary skill has more than once surpassed that of the original on which he works. □

and all the minor characters fall far short of the master's touch.

A journey into the past is also the matter of *Shadow of the Wolf* by James Barwick (Conrad, McCann & Googhegan, \$9.95). Nazi deputy party leader Rudolf Hess (still in Spandau, you may recall) on the night of May 10, 1941 was captured by the British when he fell out of the sky over Scotland in rather mysterious circumstances.

Barwick would have it that the somewhat crazed deputy Führer was on a peace mission to the U.S., where a group of isolationists, including a famous ex-ambassador, were awaiting his overture and some documents. With Hess's capture, according to the authors (James Barwick is two people, says the flap), the mission devolved upon Captain Alfred Horn, the Messerschmitt 110's navigator.

*Shadow* deals with Horn's adventures in Britain and the U.S. while hunted by British intelligence, the FBI and the Gestapo. Unfortunately, the characters are as thin as Alpine air and the writing is overblown. But the plot carries you along.

Some dark light is cast upon my favourite sport — at least as played in France — in *The Stiff Upper Lip* by Peter Israël (Hodder and Stoughton, £4.50). It's also a pretty tall tale. Some American basketball players employed in the French league get caught up in thrown games, drug-running and murder in this short and well-written contribution to time-consumption. I particularly liked the tough expatriate private eye, B.F. Cage, and his enchantress side-kick, Valerie, as they romp between Corsican gangsters in search of truth or at least a semblance of peace and quiet. □

**STAYING IN ISRAEL?**  
On kibbutz? Consider the garin way — group support and much more!

**GARIN YARDEN GIMMEL** is going to Kibbutz El Rom in the Golan. From mid-October of 1979, the garin will be at Kibbutz Machanayim for uipan and hechshara. *Come, talk with us!*

OR

**RETURNING TO NORTH AMERICA?**  
Keep your keesher with Kibbutz!

**THE YOUNG KIBBUTZ MOVEMENT**  
People with kibbutz experience share and explore the ideas and ideals of kibbutz through meetings and literature, before making a firm commitment to aliyah.

**GARIN YARDEN DALED**  
The garin plans to make aliyah in the fall, 1980; final kibbutz destination is as yet undecided. You can still get in on the ground level and help to build the garin!

For more information, please contact:  
The Overseas Committee, HaKibbutz HaMeuchad  
27 Soutine, Tel Aviv, Israel tel: 03-245271

or  
The Young Kibbutz Movement, c/o Dror USA  
215 Park Ave. So., rm. 1808, NYC, NY 10003 212-777-9388

The Arab-Israeli Conflict and the Palestinians  
Kabbalah  
Israeli Politics  
Avot  
Geography of Israel  
Chumash and Midrash  
Zionism in a New Key  
Jewish Identity Workshop  
The Shoah

The above and 12 other courses are now being offered in the Jewish/Israeli Studies programme of the WUJS Institute, Arad. The Institute's students are busily studying Hebrew in 7 different classes, divided up according to level of knowledge. Early next month, they will take a week off for a 5-day tour of the Golan and the Golan Heights. The Institute will help them to find jobs in their respective fields.

For further details, call: 057-97076, 97448 or 97091 or write: WUJS INSTITUTE, ARAD, ISRAEL

October session now closed. Openings still available for January and April sessions.

## Israel Theatres

**Habima**  
A SIMPLE STORY  
After Shai Agnon  
Tomorrow, Sat., Aug. 25  
Mon., Aug. 27; Tues., Aug. 28  
Wed., Aug. 29; Sat., Sept. 1  
Mon., Sept. 3; Tues., Sept. 4  
Wed., Sept. 5; Sat., Sept. 8  
Perfs. start at 8:00 p.m.

**Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre**  
THE SUBWAY  
Tomorrow, Aug. 25, series 43  
Sun., Aug. 26, series 30  
DEAR LIAR  
Tues., Aug. 28, Tavva, Tel Aviv  
Thurs., Sept. 6, Tavva, Tel Aviv  
THIS SUBJECT WAS ROSEN  
Sun., Sept. 2, Saad  
Wed., Sept. 3, BeerSheva

## ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT REVUE JUIVE

Founded in 1901  
CH-8034 Zurich/Switzerland, Florastrasse 14  
Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will week by week keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business and personal notices.  
Sample copies and advertising rates available.

American Pe'ilin and Neve Yerushalayim College for Women

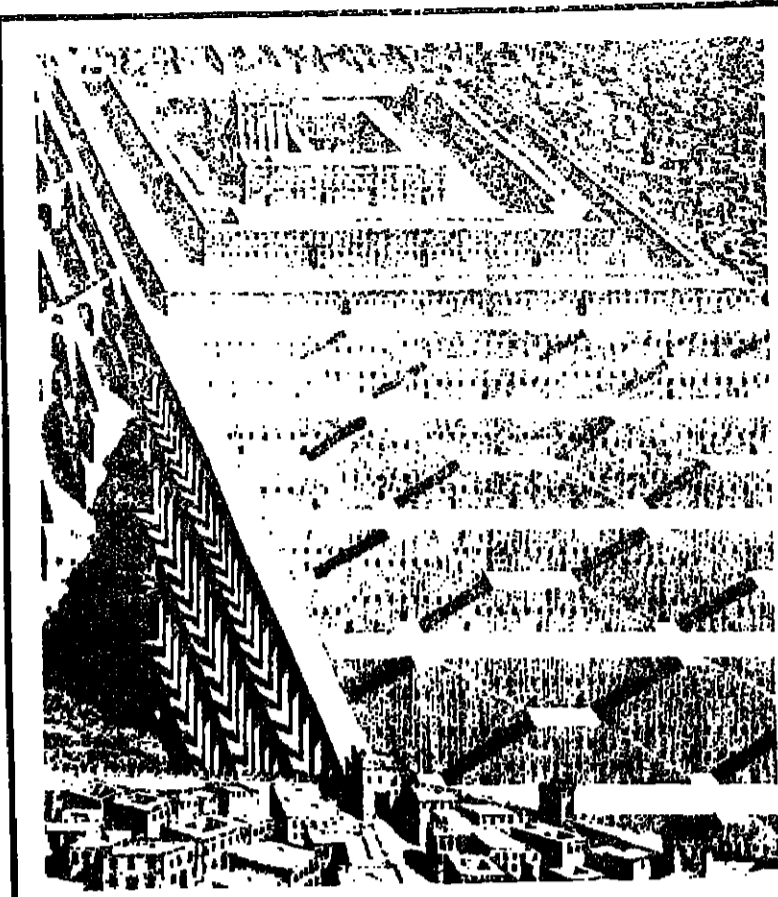
### Programmes of Jewish Studies

(August 26 — September 30)

Full- and part-time programmes at basic, intermediate and advanced levels.

For further information, write:  
Jerusalem, P.O.B. 16020; Tel. 02-42427/02-414700.

**TYROLESE Jews?** Yodelling, mountain climbing, dirndls — and Jews? Yes, why not? Jews have lived everywhere, so why not in the Tyrol region of southwest Austria, one of the most scenic and picturesque parts of Europe? The author of this slim but heavily documented *Life and Fate of the Jews of Tyrol* is a veteran of many special assignments during three decades in the Defence Ministry; he may also be the only Jew to have escaped from the Nazis on skis. This he did in March, 1938, aged 25, when he left his native Innsbruck with rucksack, skis, and guitar, having been warned by gentle friends that the SS was about to arrest him, and crossed the Brenner Pass alone into Italy.



Substructure of Solomon's Temple, from Bernard Lamy. "De Tabernaculo..." 1790. In "Vision of the Temple: the Image of the Temple of Jerusalem in Judaism and Christianity" (Oresko Books, £10), Helen Rosencranz charts the evolution of the vision from Bar Kokhba's contemporary religious architecture. In over 100 illustrations she documents a motif in which the demands of realism and structural practicality merge with those of religious vision and symbolism. A.B.

Sella's father, Siegfried Silberstein, was taken to Dachau and then Buchenwald. There, together with 40 others, he was murdered in 1939 by drunken SS men after being hoisted with freezing cold water and then whipped. Officially, his death was noted as "heart failure." The son's book is dedicated to the memory of his father, and to all the Jews of Tyrol who were murdered by Hitler; and to the memory of his wife's parents, who were deported from Prague and gassed in Auschwitz. This is obviously not an easy book to read, nor is it intended for the general reader. Written as a labour of love after three years' research, it includes a brief historical summary; the earliest historical reference to Jews in the Tyrol dates from 1403, and soon after came the first hysterical accusations of "ritual murder." It tells of the Innsbruck Jew who tried to become a Super-Tyrolean; it tells of the gentiles who helped Jews and, on occasion, suffered a similar fate. It includes an account, complete with documents, of the rise of Austrian Nazism, and of what happened after the Anschluss. The final section consists of biographical sketches of 73 former Jewish residents of Innsbruck (three of whom, again live there) who responded to questionnaires sent all over the world by the author. Of the 73 replies, 38 came from Israel — a simple majority, and not a bad record for a community which was without exception "non religious" in the orthodox sense, and which lived "like the Tyrolese" until the rise of the Nazis. Of the others, 18 came from

## Yidl mit a yodel

**DIE JUDEN TIROLS:** Ihr Leben und Schicksal by Gad Hugo Sella. Tel Aviv, Japhet Press. 166 pp. No price stated.

Marja Wolska

England, nine from the U.S. and the rest from various other places. Sella's documents and descriptions are the only existing testimony to the 120 Jewish families of the Tyrol at the time of the Anschluss.

**THE MOST** widely known "former Innsbrucker" in Israel today is Dr. Elimelech Rimait, formerly the Rabbi of the Tyrol

and Vorarlberg, whose two sons were born in Innsbruck. Another name well known to old-timers is that of Dora Schwarz, who once managed the sanatorium in Zichron.

The unique character of this Jewish community in pre-Nazi days is clear from Sella's account, and it is surely what motivated him to write the book. It was unusually prosperous, well-educated, cultured, socially assimilated, and content. A few very early Zionist swallows left Innsbruck for Palestine as early as 1924, but very few others would have followed had it not been for Hitler. Unlike most of their co-religionists elsewhere, the Tyrolese Jews were drawn to the

world of nature and sports, and music; while this was also true of many German and Central European Jews, it was nowhere so uniformly the case as in this tiny community. (The author has two gold and one silver ski medals.) A branch of the "Blau-Weiss" Zionist youth movement did exist until 1926; there was a "HaKoach-Betar" sports club; and, under Dr. Rimait, a youth group of "Maccabi Hatzair" was founded. But Jewish ritual and tradition were foreign to the youth of Tyrol; emphasis was on self-defence, and physical fitness. In 1924 the author, aged 12, with his 13-year-old brother Matatiahu (who, before he died, was a high-ranking police officer here) and two other boys, aged 14 and 15, hiked alone 400 km through the Tyrol to a Blau-Weiss meeting near Stuttgart. It was during this period that they first encountered the Hitler Jugend, and early SA members.

That was the past. As the author writes in the introduction to his book, its purpose is "to show how we have rebuilt our lives in foreign countries, without forgetting." Today, nothing remains in Tyrol of those Jews, and this book is a modest attempt to serve as a memorial.

In 1914, 55 Jewish families lived in the Tyrol; six of their young men were killed in World War I. This high proportion is a measure of the patriotic enthusiasm with which able-bodied men enlisted in the Imperial Austrian Army. More unusual, though, is the number of Jews in alpine or skiing accidents — nine, in the years 1920-1936, girls as well as boys, and including a university professor and a doctor. Sella has assembled other lists. The members of the "Hebrew Cultural Organization" of Innsbruck, with details of those fatally injured or murdered during Kristallnacht, deported to Poland and killed in concentration camps. The partial list of Innsbruck Jews killed by the Nazis between 1938 and 1945 totals 42.

The most "human" section of the book is the one that includes the life stories of the 73 former happy Tyrolese. For example, the first, alphabetically, is that of Anni Adler, born in Innsbruck, 1913, to a mother born in Innsbruck in 1878. She was

deported to Auschwitz, where the fact that she was a nurse saved her life. She came to Israel in 1946, met and married a doctor and emigrated with him to Germany. Sella met her again in Europe shortly before her death, of cancer, in 1975. All that she would tell him about Auschwitz was that she managed to survive the horrors only by taking morphine, to which she became addicted. And, writes Sella, "of the gay and beautiful Anni there was nothing left but a physical and spiritual wreck, through which, in conversation, only rarely a ray of sunshine shone through, reminding me of the Anni we once all loved."

Sella's own brief biography is included. He has had an adventurous life — arrival here by illegal ship, an officer in the Hagana; a mission to Baghdad to help Jewish immigration from there; infantry officer in the War of Independence; "loaned" by the Defence Ministry to El Al and the Foreign Ministry for assignments in Europe. He has two British and five Israeli war medals. In 1975, he led a group of former Innsbruck Jews on a visit to their city, at the invitation of the Innsbruck Municipality. But all this is listed only briefly in the book, which he sees as a group profile.

The very warm introduction was written by Kurt von Schuschnigg, the chancellor of Austria after Dollfuss who was imprisoned by the Nazis after the Anschluss until 1945. It may surprise others, as it did me, that he died so recently, at 80, long forgotten by history. When I asked Sella how it happened that Schuschnigg wrote the introduction, he told me that the former chancellor had been a friend of his father's — but again, this does not appear in the book.

The author's main purpose is to reach gentle readers, especially the youth of Tyrol; he realizes, of course, that not many Tyrolese non-Jews will read it, "since nothing today connects them with their former fellow-citizens." But perhaps, in the libraries of the region, young Tyrolese will pick it up "and read that there were once Jews in the Tyrol, closely tied to the land and its eternal beauty." □

(The book may be ordered from Gad Hugo Sella, Rehov Moskovits 43, Rehovot, Tel. 064-51817)

## Search for roots

**THE BOOKLET** opens with a picture of a bagel and lox sandwich and the legend, "Is this the culmination of 3500 years of Jewish heritage?" For those who obviously think not and have only lately been turned on to Judaism, here is a short, thumb-nail description of institutions established to serve the growing Ba'alei Teshuva movement.

In his introduction, Mordechai Beck explains why so many young people from abroad are seeking their roots, and discusses the "explosion of identity" generated by the Six Day War.

One Rosh Yeshiva describes it thus: "...the student generation of today is disillusioned both with the Establishment and with the 'revolution' which sought to change it. The Torah is therefore a third way."

Since traditional yeshivot were insufficiently prepared to deal with the mass of intellectually-oriented, college-trained

**LEARNING TO LEARN:** A guide to the New Yeshivot in Israel by Mordechai Beck. Jerusalem, The Israel Economist. 62 pp. No Price Listed.

Leah Abramowitz

beginners seeking knowledge and guidance, a new phenomenon had to develop. According to this booklet, there are already twelve such institutions — several for girls, one co-educational. The guide gives practical information, addresses, phone numbers, and names of the rasha, yeshivot (deans).

It tries to indicate how each school is unique, since not every person is brought back to tradition for the same reason. Some new yeshivot, are more intellectually-oriented, some more emotional. In a few the dress and learning programme of a standard yeshiva will be copied, but on a watered

down level, whereas in others a student won't see the inside of a Gemarah for months.

**COMMITMENT** to a religious way of life seems to be required at most of these schools — Shabbat observance, communal prayer, etc. — since "Judaism is a religion of the action of doing mitzvot," as one educator put it. However some allow the beginner to progress at his own pace. Most instruction is given in the student's native language.

Most of these institutions are community-minded to the extent that graduates are encouraged to "spread the word" and settle in outlying communities. "I'm not interested in setting up a Torah institution which has nothing to say to the realities of Israel," said one Yeshiva head.

In spite of its brevity, something of the regimen of the Yeshiva world and its atmosphere comes through. One student claimed that at college he could never study more than three hours a day: "Now I'm learning between 10 and 12 hours a day. It's fantastic. I can hardly believe it myself." □

## Look around you

**FOOTLOOSE IN JERUSALEM** (A series of guided walking tours) by Sarah Fox Kaminker. Jerusalem, Footloose Publishers. IL135.

Abraham Rabinovich

I DO NOT know of a more useful book for someone who wishes to get to know Jerusalem than this delightful little work. Kaminker is not a guide but a thoughtful companion who constantly bears in mind the likely range of interests and the physical endurance of the visitor she is accompanying. Instead of a mindless dumping of facts and regurgitated history we have here a fresh and cheerful look by an inquisitive mind at a city where past and present simmer in the same pot.

The author, an American-born town planner who works for the Jerusalem Municipality, takes

her readers on eight walks, each conveniently broken in the middle for the fatigued who would prefer to spend the rest of the afternoon at the hotel pool. The walks encompass not only the well-known sites of the Old City but also the little-visited corners of West Jerusalem where, for many people, the city's real beauty lies. Kaminker does not hesitate to knock on the door of an interesting-looking house to ask if she can look around. She tells us which gates to look through in order to see what lies beyond, and even where we might make discreet forays into private gardens.

Veteran Jerusalemites, if they can condescend to read such a book about their city, may find a surprising amount of information they never knew.

This is a revised edition of the book originally published in 1970. The present version, in addition to having been updated, includes new walks and helpful maps. □

## The story flows

**THIS IS** a novel about a certain child growing up in a specific place at a particular point in time. Our interest in such a story would seem to come from the confluence, in greater or lesser tributaries, of psychology, geography and history. In *Whose Little Boy Are You?*, none of these individual streams is especially impressive; protagonist Nachman Shpiegel is no Stephen Dedalus, Petah Tikva surely no Dublin, the early 1930s not the most dramatic years of the Zionist revolution. Nonetheless, the streams combine to form an expansive, steady narrative flow — a literary instance, if you will, of the unremarkable Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers meeting to form the quite respectable and businesslike, if occasionally sludgy, Ohio.

**WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?** by Hanech Bartov. Translated from the Hebrew by Hillel Halkin. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society. 364 pp., \$9.95.

S.T. Meravi

What we have here then are no great revelations about the character or his environment, but an abundance of detail to confirm our assumption of what each would have been like in reality. There is not a single surprise in the book, but its rich accumulation of information gives us an exceptionally vivid picture of what it was all about, and that is an artistic achievement in itself.

Like an archaeologist uncovering a well-documented tel, Hanech Bartov reveals layer by layer every artifact at this particular season's dig. We see how the people built their houses, what they ate, how they spent their days and nights. The child at the centre of the inquiry is rather typical; his parents and

neighbours the common working backbone of the Zionist revival; their drama the stuff of domestic accidents, illness, financial cares. The reader will be engaged by such things because, first of all, it's our immediate ancestors and history, but more importantly because it's conveyed with such admirable control and balance. That Nachman's father fails to attend his son's Hanuka pageant is a painful incident; but the reader is not required to agonize over the pain.

**NEITHER** is the reader pressed to linger over the great issues of the day. Nachman's father has his frets over religious observance; Hladadur membership; everyone European war looms in the background. Yet none of this ever overshadows the characters' concerns with managing their daily affairs, and one is convinced that this is precisely the way it was.

Young Nachman, of course, measures life against the pain of the arms market, from the M-16 upwards. The Memory of Eva Ryker by Donald A. Stanwood (Dell, \$2.80) is also a superior piece of work. What the lady in question recalls is her traumatic childhood experience aboard the SS Titanic. And I don't mean the sinking. Not to spoil it I'll only add that it involves murder and worse by two crazy killers.

## The plot unfolds

Benny Morris

**AT LONG LAST**, here is a batch of thrillers I can safely recommend to that wide and perverse public which squanders its leisure time on facile thrills and incredible plots. Let me give *Sharky's Machine* by William Diehl (Sphere Books £1.50) top billing. Its combination of bizarre sex and blood-curdling sadism left one reader feeling that he had barely seen, let alone enjoyed, anything.

The plot, which begins in 1944 in the Po Valley with the murderous hijacking by American mafiosi of \$4m. in gold bullion, unfolds with masterly rhythm. A slow start progresses to a rather fast middle section which erupts into a sizzling frenetic 100-page finish. Perhaps slightly too long but the writing is good.

Sharky, the loose, trigger-happy big-city cop, Domino, the high-powered courtessan and De Laroza, a billionaire toy manufacturer with refined political, sexual and gastronomic tastes, are well drawn by Diehl. And the book's collection of hit-men bent on fulfilling contracts, which include the ascetic, Red-popping Angelo Sardi and a handful of Chinamen expert in tai chi, karate and Karate, is truly heart-warming to those glibly inclined. The Chinese heavies, incidentally, employ the *yinsha*, a type of deadly, spiked half-dollar piece which can outpace Clark Kent even in a rush. I doubt that the Israeli variety — the IL-14 or IL-15 pieces — would pass muster in this respect. It might even fragment upon contact with human skin. (The *yinsha*

has the added advantage of being cheaper than most things on the arms market, from the M-16 upwards.) I found the description of the Ordeal of the Fifth Finger, to which Sharky is ultimately subjected, particularly convincing. I won't elaborate beyond quoting the following: "The Chou Sou Han claim that no man has ever resisted them beyond the thumb of one hand."

*Shadow* deals with Horn's adventures in Britain and the U.S. while hunted by British intelligence, the FBI and the Gestapo. Unfortunately, the characters are as thin as Alpine air and the writing is overblown. But the plot carries you along. Some dark light is cast upon my favourite sport — at least as played in France — in *The Stiff Upper Lip* by Peter Israel (Hodder and Stoughton, £4.50). It's also a pretty tall tale. Some American basketball players employed in the French games, drug-running and murder in this short and well-written contribution to time-consumption. I particularly liked the tough expatriate private eye, B.F. Cago, and his enchantress side-kick, Valerie, as they romp between Corsican gangsters in search of truth or at least a semblance of peace and quiet. □

gaze never remains fixed on the novel; we're shown not just a boy in the world, but a boy and his world, and if this is still not the stuff of great pitch and moment, it is at least a mini-drama of fine and fully recaptured memory. One example: "The teacher kept time to his drone by banging his ruler on the plank table, while the children chanted prayer after prayer, page after page, morning after morning, with barely a chance to catch their breath in between. There were all kinds of boys in the class, some small like Nachman and others big and strange. The latter opened their large mouths wide and bellowed at the top of their lungs, but all the while their hands were busy elsewhere: working a forked lemon twig into a slingshot by peeling it with a penknife, grooving the bark, and tying a thick rubber band to the prongs with strong wire; swapping marbles — peewees, shiners, jewels — or stamps or empty boxes of Lateef, Mottaorian, Simon Arat, or still cheaper brands of cigarettes; carving initials and drawings into the table; hunting and spearing flies on safety pins; or, for lack of anything better to do, pinching and poking the smaller boys, who had no choice but to go on shouting in the same rhythm as before. '...for Thou hast not made us like the nations of the world or set us among the families of the ea-a-a-r-rt-th...'"

**ORIGINALLY** published by Am Oved a decade ago, *Whose Little Boy Are You?* has now been translated into English by Hillel Halkin, a translator whose literary skill has more than once surpassed that of the original on which he works. □



The Arab-Israeli Conflict and the Palestinians  
Kabbalah  
Israeli Politics  
Avot  
Geography of Israel  
Chumash and Midrash  
Zionism in a New Key  
Jewish Identity Workshop  
The Shoah

The above and 12 other courses are now being offered in the Jewish/Israeli Studies programme of the WUJS Institute, Arad. The Institute's students are busily studying Hebrew in 7 different classes, divided up according to level of knowledge. Early next month, they will take a week off for a 5-day tour of the Golan and the Golan Heights. Later on, the Institute will help them to find jobs in their respective fields.

For further details, call: 067-97076, 97446 or 97081 or write: WUJS INSTITUTE, ARAD, ISRAEL

<b>Habima</b> A SIMPLE STORY after Shai Agnon Tomorrow, Sat., Aug. 26 Mon., Aug. 27   Tue., Aug. 28 Wed., Aug. 29   Sat., Sept. 1 Mon., Sept. 4   Tue., Sept. 5 Wed., Sept. 8   Sat., Sept. 8 Paris, start at 8.30 p.m.	<b>Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre</b> THE SUBWAY Tomorrow, Aug. 28, series 45 Sun., Aug. 15, series 50 DEAR LIAR Tue., Aug. 28, Teavia, Tel Aviv Thur., Sept. 6, Teavia, Tel Aviv THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES Sun., Sept. 2, Saad Wed., Sept. 5, Beersheba
---	---

**ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT REVUE JUIVE**  
Founded in 1901  
CH-8034 Zurich/Switzerland, Florastrasse 14  
Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will week by week keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business and personal notices.  
Sample copies and advertising rates available.

American Pe'lim and Neve Yerushalayim College for Women  
**Programmes of Jewish Studies**  
(August 26 — September 30)  
Full- and part-time programmes at basic, intermediate and advanced levels.  
For further information, write: Jerusalem, P.O.B. 16020; Tel. 02-624827/02-614760.

# Messianic math

Divinity and the Dow Jones Stock Index are two of the preoccupations of Norman Bloom of Paterson, New Jersey who uses numbers to establish his calling. But WIM VAN LEER isn't so sure it all adds up.

THE DIVINE CALLING of Messiah is historically a high-risk enterprise, more frequently embarked upon than the track record of success would seem to justify. The *Encyclopaedia Judaica* lists no less than 18 Jewish aspirants, who ended their days either in dank mediaeval dungeons, were kebabbed at the Inquisition's fiery stakes, or under pressure landed in the lap of rival religions.



Yet they keep coming, and the problem now, as it was then, is how to spread the Good Word, which landed on my desk this week, owing, I suppose, to my reputation as a general specialist. Very few daily papers these days employ reporters covering the Messiah scene.

*The New World* is a publication of some importance since it not only advises us of the Second Coming but names the incumbent, at present well and contactable at 331 10th Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey 07514.

The advent of the messiah is connected with the gloomiest events imaginable. Nonetheless, I have retained an open mind in respect of his coming. But not in my wildest dreams could I have imagined Paterson, New Jersey as the chosen site of the fulfilment of prophecy. The Vatican, the Western Wall, Mount Ararat, under the clock at Victoria Station, an absorption centre of the Jewish Agency, Sinai, the Y.M.C.A., yes, But Paterson, New Jersey?

**400 X**

**EARTH—MOON—AND SUN**  
HE HATH MEASURED OUT THE HEAVENS BY THE SPAN!!

**MOON 2160 SUN - 864000**  
**4 0 0 x 2160 MI - - 864,000**  
**400 - - 20 x 20**  
**3 0 x 7980 MI - - 239,000 MI.**  
**EARTH 7980 EARTH - MOON**

prays aloud. "If they pay for it, they listen," says the good rabbi.

ONE COULD argue that with the ever-present miracle of the Creation all around us, there seems ample evidence of a Creator of unusual talent and diligence. What with the birds, the bees, the flowers, the trees, the universe, to say nothing of kangaroos, goldfish, aardvarks and God's own clown, Man, what further proof could be needed? After a Creation going back some 400 million years, what do you do for a really convincing encore to prove that your handiwork was no mere flash

shaped two such mechanisms. The First is organized sport, particularly Base Ball. This provides God with an opportunity to prove HE KNOWS. The Second Mechanism, shaped BY GOD to bring proof HE IS A PERSONAL GOD is the Stock Exchange as evidenced in the Dow Jones Index, the business decisions of mankind."

In other words, play the stockmarket with the aid of the Lord. The rest of The New World is a record of the 1977 Dow Jones in the light of Norman Bloom's interpretation of Revealed Truth, and baseball, in the present issue, is never mentioned again. There remains the problem of how to translate The Word into numbers, the chosen language of the stock-exchange.

THIS IS DONE by a method known as Gematria in which each letter has been given a numerical value; aleph is 1; both is 2; gimmel is 3, etc. It enables the scholar to play high cockalorum with Holy Writ.

As an introduction he explains the common denominator between God, himself and the Earth, which happens to be 28. YHWH = GOD = 28

NACHUM = 104 = 4 x 26  
BLUM = 78 = 3 x 26

THE EARTH "mainly made of iron (?) Fe (Faith) whose atomic weight according to Niels Bohr is 28."

There seems to be one small flaw in the above computation. The Atomic Weight of iron (Fe-Faith) happens to be 55.84.

Now Bloom takes us gently by the hand and leads us through the bizarre world of his brand of mathematics based on prediction by hindsight.

The year of the creation of the State of Israel was foretold "since Abraham (One God) was born 1948 years after Adam (1948 x 1). We must bear in mind that a "calendar cycle" is 235 new moons = 19 years. Now add one calendar cycle (CC) to 1948 and you get the unification of Jerusalem.

Another key-number is "the jubilee idea" (Lev. 25-10) of 50 years. The State of Israel is therefore 100 CC from the beginning of the war with Rome as well as one "Jubilee Idea" from the Balfour Declaration (1917), after 400 years of Turkish rule, predictable "since the sun is 400 x the diameter of the moon and, at a perfect eclipse 400 x the distance."

And since "prophecies speak of a return to Jerusalem in 70 years, history was shaped so that the First World Zionist Congress 1897 + 70 = 1967."

Or take the number-value of the name of Jesus in Greek — 888. Now double this = 1776 (see Moshener) plus 2 (double), add two jubilees, and what do you get? The date of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848 in case it slipped your mind. And 2 jubilees later, the State of Israel.

BUT HOW can a proof of A PERSONAL GOD, in intimate relation with human beings be brought. BUT GOD BEING GOD — has shaped the instruments to make such proof possible. He has

shaped two such mechanisms. The First is organized sport, particularly Base Ball. This provides God with an opportunity to prove HE KNOWS. The Second Mechanism, shaped BY GOD to bring proof HE IS A PERSONAL GOD is the Stock Exchange as evidenced in the Dow Jones Index, the business decisions of mankind."

In other words, play the stockmarket with the aid of the Lord. The rest of The New World is a record of the 1977 Dow Jones in the light of Norman Bloom's interpretation of Revealed Truth, and baseball, in the present issue, is never mentioned again. There remains the problem of how to translate The Word into numbers, the chosen language of the stock-exchange.

THIS IS DONE by a method known as Gematria in which each letter has been given a numerical value; aleph is 1; both is 2; gimmel is 3, etc. It enables the scholar to play high cockalorum with Holy Writ.

As an introduction he explains the common denominator between God, himself and the Earth, which happens to be 28. YHWH = GOD = 28

NACHUM = 104 = 4 x 26  
BLUM = 78 = 3 x 26

THE EARTH "mainly made of iron (?) Fe (Faith) whose atomic weight according to Niels Bohr is 28."

There seems to be one small flaw in the above computation. The Atomic Weight of iron (Fe-Faith) happens to be 55.84.

Now Bloom takes us gently by the hand and leads us through the bizarre world of his brand of mathematics based on prediction by hindsight.

The year of the creation of the State of Israel was foretold "since Abraham (One God) was born 1948 years after Adam (1948 x 1). We must bear in mind that a "calendar cycle" is 235 new moons = 19 years. Now add one calendar cycle (CC) to 1948 and you get the unification of Jerusalem.

Another key-number is "the jubilee idea" (Lev. 25-10) of 50 years. The State of Israel is therefore 100 CC from the beginning of the war with Rome as well as one "Jubilee Idea" from the Balfour Declaration (1917), after 400 years of Turkish rule, predictable "since the sun is 400 x the diameter of the moon and, at a perfect eclipse 400 x the distance."

And since "prophecies speak of a return to Jerusalem in 70 years, history was shaped so that the First World Zionist Congress 1897 + 70 = 1967."

Or take the number-value of the name of Jesus in Greek — 888. Now double this = 1776 (see Moshener) plus 2 (double), add two jubilees, and what do you get? The date of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848 in case it slipped your mind. And 2 jubilees later, the State of Israel.

BUT HOW can a proof of A PERSONAL GOD, in intimate relation with human beings be brought. BUT GOD BEING GOD — has shaped the instruments to make such proof possible. He has

## The Weekend Dry Bones

It's SUMMERTIME... AND THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON A NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL (AND IT'S HAIRY!)

